



THE
COLLEGE
OF WILLIAM
AND MARY
1911

1911

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The Colonial Echo

M C M X I



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF

The College of William and Mary
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

G r e e t i n g

*"Whoever thinks a faultless Annual to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e're shall be."*

In giving to the friends of our college, this our ninth volume of the *Colonial Echo*, we do so with a full knowledge of the fact that there are flaws, yea, serious flaws in our work. It has been our aim, however, to present to our friends a picture of college life as it is today, and, perchance, recall some fond memories to the alumnus who may read.

Had it not been for the aid and cooperation of our friends, we should have been unable to publish this volume. As you glance over its pages, we would beg of you to be kindly toward its faults, and praise its virtues.

• • •

GREETING





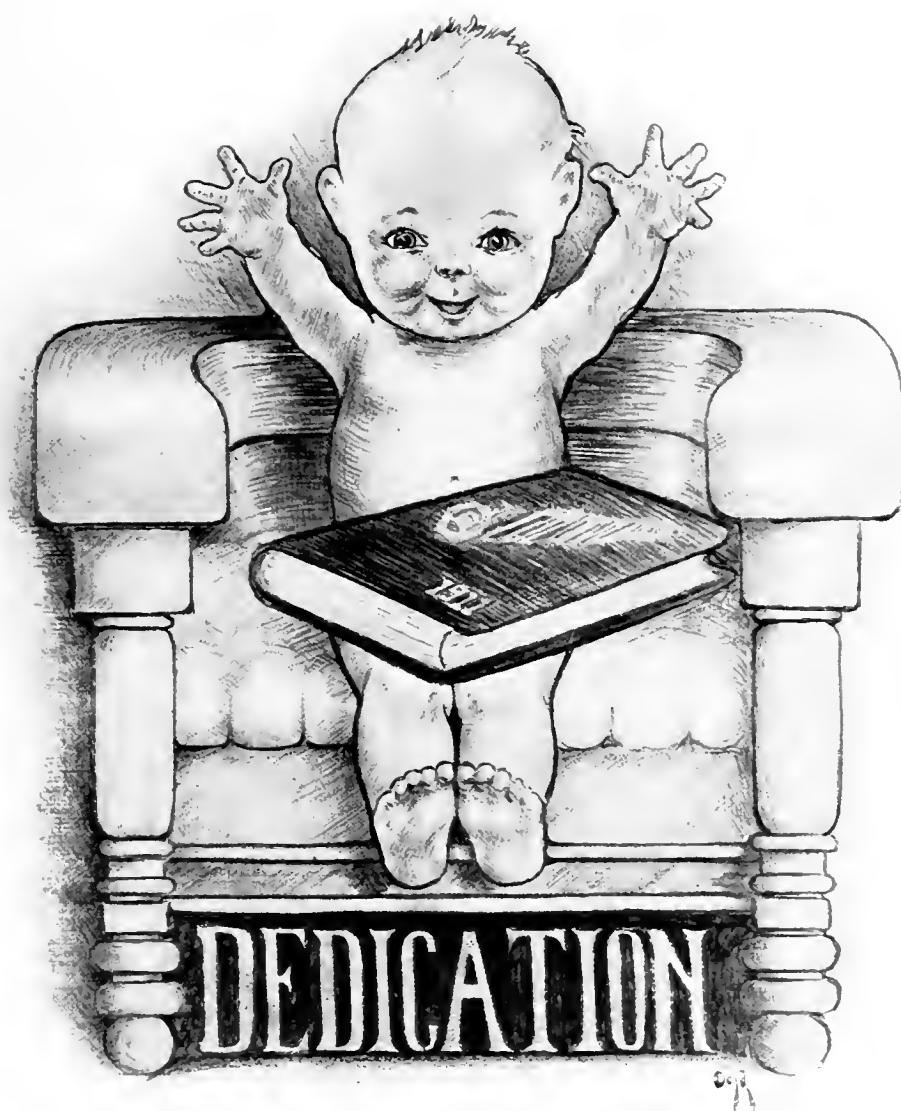
The Library

HE new library of William and Mary College was made possible by the kindness of Andrew Carnegie and other friends of the college, and today we have a beautiful and comfortable home for the twenty thousand volumes which constitute the basis of that truly broadening education which has made this school famous.

Here also is found a large collection of valuable portraits, painted by eminent artists, of the famous friends, patrons, and alumni of William and Mary. Among these may be found the faces of great statesmen, soldiers, and scientists,—men whose powers have guided the destinies of a great nation, and influenced events of vital importance to the entire world.

In the exhibition cases are numerous relics and antiquities. It was at William and Mary that the Greek letter fraternity originated in America, and the original charter and minutes of Phi Beta Kappa are still preserved in the library. Rare books, yellow with age and replete with historic associations, are displayed in the reading room. The commodious stack-room contains the working library, easily accessible and carefully managed.

Nowhere can the student find a more congenial atmosphere for study than in the library. Here, amid these pleasant and stimulating surroundings, Virginia is building the foundations of her future greatness, and making more secure her position as a great and progressive Commonwealth.



To a Young Alumnus

Upon whose face the light of the morning yet
shines, whose vision is undimmed, whose vigor
is still unbroken by the years; to one who
but lately went from the love of his Alma
Mater to stand with his face to the front in
the Battle for the Enlightenment of Men:

to

Julian Alvin Carroll Chandler

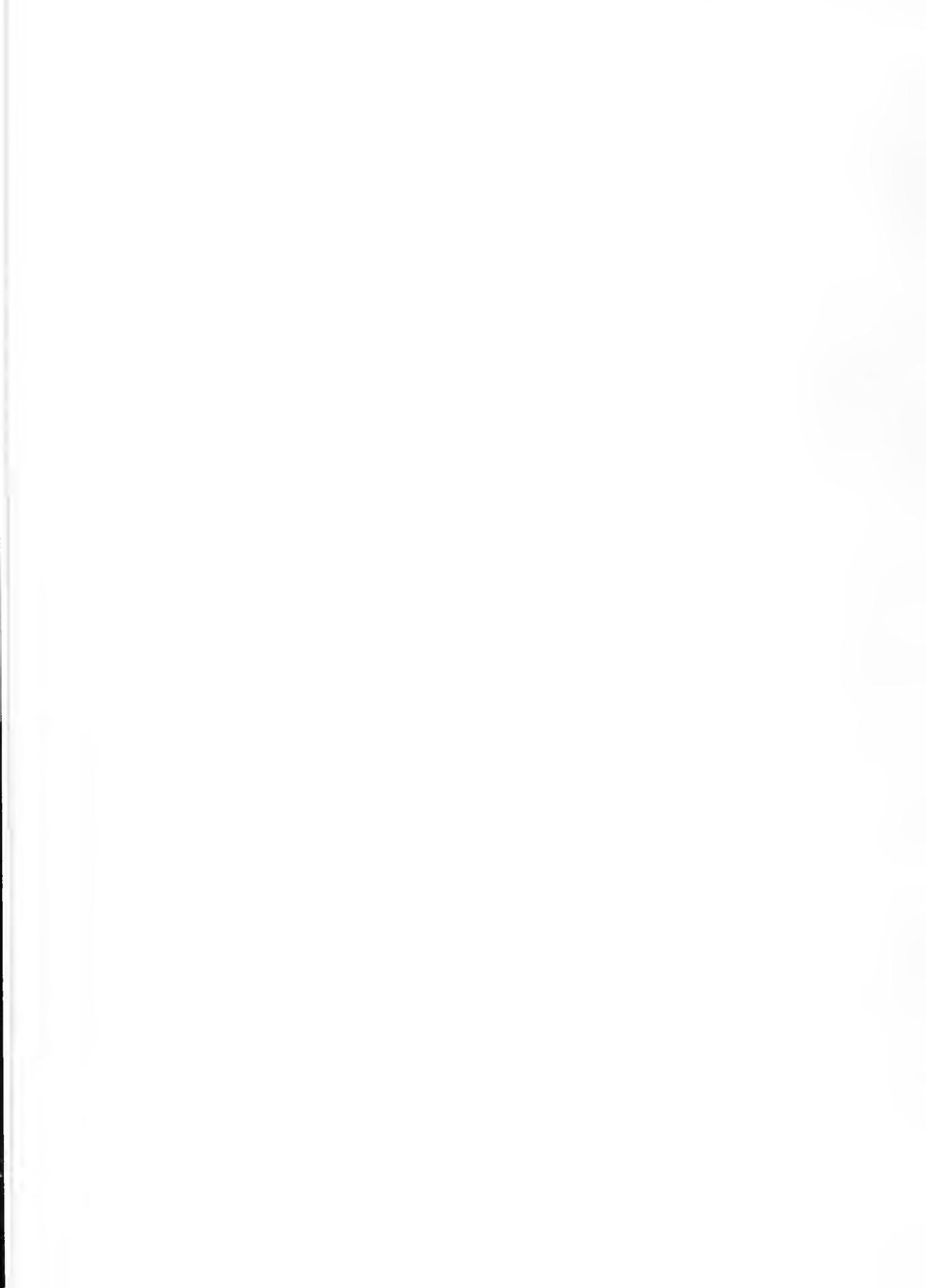
Master of Arts of 1892

this Volume is proudly

dedicated.



Julian Alvin Carroll Chandler



My Lady O' Memories



er garden now is bramble grown
Where days agone she used to sit;
And smiling, speak, and singing, knit,
In low bodiced and ruffled gown.
Her ambered hair is silver sown,
Across her face the shadows flit;
But all her life is memory lit.
And never does she feel alone,
For all along her way has she
Been storing happy memories.
Rose scented these in after life,
When things that were have ceased to be,
Save in her dreams and phantasies.
Or one long kept daguerreotype.

— *Wm. Kavanaugh Doty.*



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In the Garden of the Soul

Apart I stood, at even, by the lake,
And watched the wafted leaves from over head
Fluttering a moment, fall at length to flake
The breeze—blown ripples, as they came and fled.
A moment these bowed at the giver's feet,
Then lightly rolled, in whispering retreat,
Bearing each frail bark toward the setting sun.
And as I gazed, I felt the nameless Power
Speaking, low-voiced, in lake and tree and flower,
Like woodland melodies, where brooklets run.

Strange was its cadence to my hardened ear,
Dulled with the tumult of a grasping age;
Scarcely 'twas heard, yet wondrous sweet to hear,
As lifts the lark, freed from confining cage.
So sang my soul, to feel the harness fall
Which dragged it down, to cringe and creep and crawl.
As springs the silk-entombed butterfly
From its dark cell into the summer light,
Seeking the sun which dissipates its night,
So soared my fancy, free its wings to ply.

The 1911 Colonial Echo

Into the purer light, the fairer day,
Where Hope and Love shut out the sordid strife
For gain and gold, which weakens with its clay,
The social structure which our age calls life;
Into that realm where eyes may see, where ears
May hear the truths eternal of the years;
Adown the peaceful gardens, where, of old,
Poet and minstrel, priest and prophet wrought
In the cool aisles each new and perfect thought,
And saw the book of Life and Death unfold.

Sweet music sounded there, which softer fell
Than rose leaves on the grave of innocence,
Voices that lighter lay than in the dell
The violets, where each night the fairies dance,
Methought the mellowed voices of the past
Cried, "Quaff the living waters while they last,
Tomorrow's flood may bear thee on again,
Whirled in the eddies of its bootless strife;
Forget what **seems**, and drink of what **is** life,

The struggle in the surf, the sinking scream—
And then the Silence: thinkest thou, oh man,
That this is Life? 'Tis but a break, a dream,
The passing from the Deep unto the Deep,
The River's moan is but a broken cord
That flutters loose upon the sounding board;
Give to the greedy Stream its pound of flesh,
But leave the God-breathed spirit free to soar
Above the hungry maw, the ruthless roar,
To drink the eternal music of the spheres."

Alan Fred English.



H. H. Fletcher



A. R. Koontz



Senior Class

Motto:—Habeo opus magnum in manibus.

Colors:—Green and Tan.

Flower:—Tulips.

Yell.

Huzzah! Huzzah! Who are we?
The smallest class in histo-ry;
Freshmen, Freshmen, nineteen-seven
Seniors, Seniors, nineteen-eleven!

Officers.

President.....	F. E. Graves
Vice-President.....	A. L. Thoms
Secretary.....	H. E. Trimble
Treasurer.....	J. E. Capps
Historian.....	G. P. Arnold
Prophet.....	A. S. Howe
Valedictorian.....	K. A. Agee
	Fletcher, H. H.
	Doty, W. K.



KENNETH ARNOLD AGEE.

Hiltons, Va.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Phoenix; excellency medal in Oratory 1907-08; medal for Inter-Collegiate Debate 1908-09; Excellency medal in debate 1909-10; Orator joint contest 1908-09; Debater joint contest 1909-10; Orator joint contest 1910-11; President Phoenix 1910-11; Final President 1908-09; Final President 1910-11; President Sophomore Class 1908-09; Valedictorian Senior Class 1910-11; Club Editor Colonial Echo 1910-11; Editor-in-Chief of Magazine 1910-11.



GEORGE PRINCE ARNOLD.

Waverly, Va.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

SΦ E. Spottswood Club. Secretary Y. M. C. A. 1909; Chairman Bible Department 1910; President Y. M. C. A. 1911; Varsity Baseball team 1907, 1908; Captain 1909; member football team 1909-10; track team 1909; class Historian 1911; Dramatic Club 1909-11; College Quartet 1911; Assistant Editor-in-Chief "Colonial Echo" 1911.



JOHN EDGAR CAPPs.

Princess Anne, Va.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Philomathean; Improvement Medal in Declamation 1908; Vice-President 1909-10; President 1910-11; Corresponding Secretary 1909-10; Executive Committee 1908-09, 1909-10, 1910-11; Final Secretary 1909-10; Chairman Final Executive Committee 1910-11; Treasurer of Junior Class; Treasurer of Senior Class; Magazine Staff 1910-11; Club Editor Colonial Echo 1910-11; President of Ewell Club 1910-11.



HOWELL HARRIS FLETCHER.

Dot, Virginia.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Claims no attainments worth mentioning.



FRANK ERSKINE GRAVES.

Marksville, Va.

Candidate for B. A. Degree

Θ Δ X. K. of Y. F.; Philomathean; Corresponding Secretary 1907-08; Improvement Medal in Declamation 1906-07; Improvement Medal in Oratory 1907-08; Spottswood Club; German Club; Elizabethans 1908-09; Second Football Team 1908-09; Varsity Football Team 1909-10-11; Athletic Council 1909-10; Manager Baseball Team 1909-10; President Athletic Association 1910-11; President Senior Class 1910-11; Athletic Editor Colonial Echo 1910-11; Treasurer Y. M. C. A. 1909-10-11.



ALVIN LOUIS THOMS.

Egg Harbor City, New Jersey.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

K. G. E.; Philomathean; Chairman of Improvement Committee 1909-10; Recording Secretary 1910; President 1911; Vice-President of Y. M. C. A. 1910-11; Delegate to Y. M. C. A. Convention at Lynchburg 1908; Richmond, 1910; Mile run 1908; Manager of Track Team 1908-09; Athletic Council 1908-09; Souter Scholarship 1907-08; Married in June 1909; Northern Lights Club; Secretary and Treasurer 1909-10; Historian of Junior Class 1909-10; Tennis Club 1908-09; Vice-President of Senior Class 1910-11; "Colonial Echo Staff," Assistant Business Manager 1910-11.



HARRY EVANS TRIMBLE.

Hampton, Va.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Kappa Alpha; Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, 1907-08-09; German Club; Tennis Club; Trevillian Club; Brownie Club; Secretary Senior Class 1910-11; Bennett Scholarship 1910-11; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1910-11; Assistant Manager 1911 "Colonial Echo."

Senior Class History



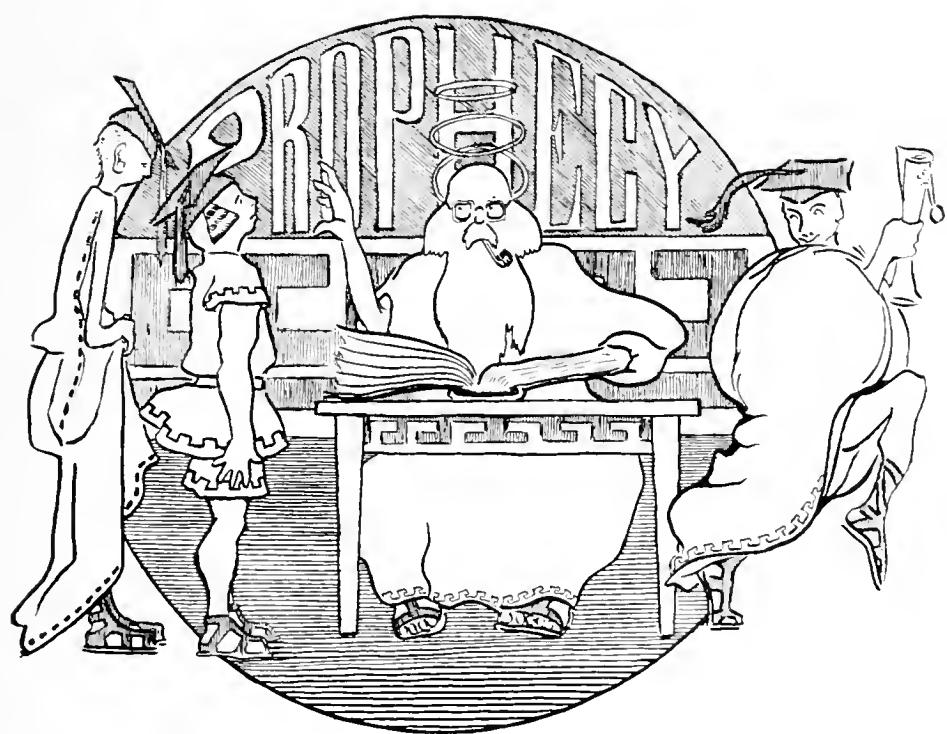
HAT a formidable task is that of the Senior Class Historian! He is the one who must chronicle the careers of his classmates through their varied and chequered college life. College life! What a wealth and depth of meaning those words contain! To the on-looker, only the superficial side is visible. Mirth, laughter, "wine, woman and song," appear to them as glaring, luminous headlights indicative of the irresponsibility of light-hearted students, and seldom do they stop to read, as it were, between the lines, and there note the strong undereurrent of serious manhood, latent determination, and honorable ambition. In their disgust at what they consider the shallowness of the college man, they fail to realize that these men are plastic figures, now being moulded and shaped into personalities, which, in their turn, are destined to mould and shape the fortunes of a great nation.

The advancement or retardation of Christ's Kingdom, the social, economic and political questions of future generations; all are to be determined by these light-hearted young men who laugh in such a careless manner. Would that every man could realize this, and contribute his share to the process of moulding.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the personnel of the class of '11. They are all, to say the least, gentlemen; men with definite aims in life, imbued with earnestness of purpose, and withal men who desire to serve their generation. Each member has at some time during his college years held offices of importance and responsibility. The class is well represented in athletics, having men who will bear away with them the coveted monogram of our school, won in football, baseball, and basketball, to help them recall in after years the pleasant associations of the college which they have learned to love so well. And last, but not least, the members of this class have, through their efforts and attainments, won the respect of both faculty and student body.

It is with a feeling of infinite yearning and regret that we say a last farewell to our beloved "Alma Mater," and leave forever, as students, her time-honored halls. In leaving we cannot but experience a feeling of gratitude for her inspirations,—inspirations which will be our most valuable weapons in fighting the battles of an inconsistent age, and we trust that while fighting, we may never bring dishonor upon the lofty, the noble ideals of our historic "Mother of Learning."

Historian.



Prophecy



HOW can one prophesy of past events? Or how can a dead man prophesy at all? Do you wish to know? I see that you are curious, and even now I have enough charity left to satisfy your curiosity. But mistake not; this is not a propheey, it is a chronicle of actual events in the not very far-away past.

About the year 1955 I became much interested in the various hitherto unexplained psycho-physical phenomena. I was at first a scoffer, and loudly enlarged upon the discovery of falsehood in Palladino and other noted mediums of the past. However, being an honest seeker after the truth, I at last began to investigate seriously the claims of the spiritualists. You must understand that I did this not upon religious, but upon purely scientific grounds. I attended several of their meetings, and finally became convinced of the actual existence of some sort of life beyond the grave, and also of the soul's, or whatever you may choose to call the immortal part of man, return to this sphere.

During my lifetime I had achieved rather more than a local reputation, and my statement of my belief in the existence of these phenomena was heralded far and wide. Some, perhaps, were led to believe through my belief, while others, as they did in the cases of Sir Wm. Crookes and Lombroso, both eminent Spiritualists, declared that I was either a fraud, or a man become mad with overwork. To attempt to prove my sanity, and the truth of my belief during my lifetime was, I knew, futile. So in the presence of over one hundred witnesses, I placed in an empty safe wax tablets with nothing written on them. This safe was then locked, and as it was small, placed in a vault of the Bank of England. I promised that after my death my spirit would return to this world and write upon these tablets, telling upon them the things of the past, and the things to come. Even now I am scratching on the tablets; they will be removed and examined now in a few days. The agreement had been that the vault was to be opened two months after my death, in the presence of as many of these same witnesses as should then be alive. The President of the Britannic Republic has since died, as well as the Emperor of the United States, Pierpont III, but aside from those two, I believe the witnesses are still alive.

Six weeks ago I suddenly fell ill. I had always enjoyed the best of health, and my death after a few days' sickness was a mystery. An acquaintance of mine wished to see these tablets. As they could not be seen until after my death, and it did not seem that that would come soon, he used artificial means to hasten my demise,—in short, he poisoned me. I passed on. Whither I went

I may not tell, nor may I tell all that I have seen. In fact, it is forbidden me that I tell aught, yet does my earth-made promise bind me. I tell of the things past,—I dare not of the things to come.

You wish to know of the class of 1911? I thought as much, and I will tell you all,—all save as to how I came to see them and how I found out,—'twould but bore you to hear that.

Let me take our highest officer first, our President, F. E. Graves. He died the other day from an acute attack of indigestion, brought about by over-undeniably was pious. Therefore, after leaving college, he had a rarely beautiful thought. Inasmuch as he also had a rather commercial spirit, he thought that he would gain both the goods of this world and a free pass to eternal bliss by going to Oceana as a missionary, and there engaging in the lucrative business of selling rum to the natives. Well, as far as men could see, his ambitions were realized. In less than two years he had converted the naked black heathen, and was in a fair way to become as rich as Croesus by his other business. He certainly did civilize those savages! Why, in six years' time they all went to church every Sunday, drank copious quantities of the demon, and altogether were about as black hypocrites as other modern men. Finally, after many years, our noble hero died, and as is the custom nowadays, the natives buried his **sainted ashes** under the high altar of their cathedral, and had him canonized. I know where he is now, but prefer not to discuss the matter.

Arnold is still alive, and I suppose you all know his history; still if any may not, I will tell it. Probably you remember Arnold's extreme disinclination to physical exertion. He was noted for it during his college days, and has never quite succeeded in living down that reputation. The name under which he is most widely known at present is "Gwendolyn Goldhardt," the author of those gems of thought and sound practical advice found in the "Advice to the Love-Lorn" columns of several of our saffron journals. Then, too, he is the inventor of a new patent reclining chair. "Necessity is the mother of invention."

There was always something mysterious about Trimble. I never did know what he was doing while I was alive, and have not discovered the clear truth yet. I have, however, heard that he didn't do anything, but rather married a wealthy widow soon after leaving college, and settled down to enjoy the simple life. Of course, he had an office downtown, but the business transacted in it was very mysterious,—I really couldn't tell you what it was. I have heard that he ran a matrimonial agency, but that may be all gossip. I don't know. Generally, however, it takes a fire to produce smoke.

Doty is another man about whom my ideas are very hazy. He is dead now.

and I hear that he's not in Heaven, but then, I do not know where he is. He was quite a famous kleptomaniac during his life, but though I know that he was partial to one particular kind of articles, I never heard authoritatively what they were. I suspect, though, that historical paintings were his hobby. He had quite a collection of which no one knew the source. In particular I remember a large portrait of Jefferson Davis, which looked very much like one once abstracted from the college library. Still, I may be all wrong.

Agee had political aspirations. Under Emperors Pierpont I and II, he ran nine times for the position of Lord High Chancellor. While at college he had been something (note the indefiniteness) of an orator, and so now he made speeches far and wide over all the Empire, but never did get elected. Finally, running for the ninth time, he was making a speech before an audience of over twenty thousand in the Auditorium at St. Louis. The wretch bored them to death! Pierpont II decided that he had committed murder in the first degree, and had him decapitated.

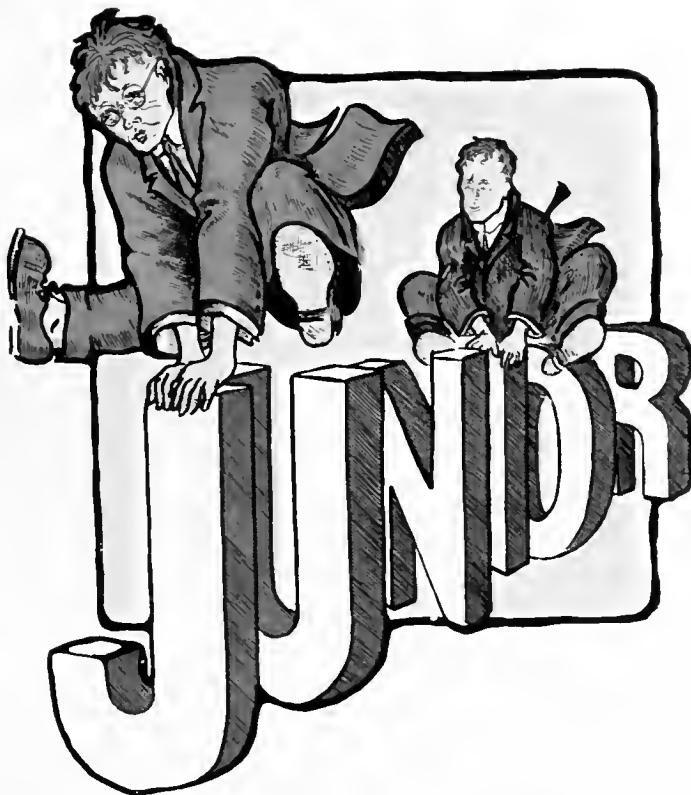
eating at the feast at his wedding with his seventeenth wife. He was one of the Elders of the Mormon Church, and was a man much respected in the community. While Graves was a young man, he was sent by the government to investigate the actual conditions in Utah. During his stay there he was much impressed by the charms of two young maidens, and as an easy way out of the perplexity, he turned Mormon, and married them both. Since then he has repeated the performance frequently.

I had always considered my friend, Capps, a very pious and rather harmless kind of person, and I suppose most of you have held that opinion; but alas! how little do we know of even our most intimate associates. Johnny

Thoms is the only man in the class whom I have not discussed, save Fletcher, and a worthier seer has told us the latter's fate. Therefore Thoms is the last. He is still alive, and is running the same old florist's shop in Atlantic City. Thoms has not now, nor did he ever have, any human weaknesses, but rather he has "lived happily ever after!"

These quarters are very cramped. You remember the old sophistical discussions as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle? Well, I am not an angel (pray do not form any false conclusions as to what I am), but I can authoritatively state that a soul has dimensions, which can, nevertheless, be contracted. My long stay in this iron chest has wearied me, and my spirit would return to the dismal abode of the shades. But have I convinced you of the truths of Spiritualism?

Prophet.



Colors:—Lemon and black.

Motto:—Esse quam videre.

Yell.

Razzle—dazzle! Never frazzle!
Not a thread but wool!

All together! All together!
That's the way we pull!
Juniors!

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William H. Deierhoi.....	Vice-President
Walter L. Hopkins.....	Secretary
Joseph B. Gale.....	Treasurer
Alan F. English.....	Historian

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Wade T. Brown.....	Culpepper, Va.
William H. Deierhoi.....	Highland Springs, Va.
Thomas H. Geddy, Jr.....	Williamsburg, Va.
Joseph B. Gale.....	Bobs, Va.
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William H. Neblett.....	Kinderwood, Va.
Elmer R. Stump.....	Altoona, Pa.
C. Chapman Snow.....	Whitestone, Va.



H. H. BLACKWELL



W. T. BROWN



W. N. DEIERHOLZ



A. F. ENGLISH

Junior Class History

No, this aggregation of bright particular stars did not come together three years ago and remain until the present day. We are an evolution. The flood of years has carried off on its remorseless tide some of our most stalwart members, while each session has added some new names to our roster. Some among us, like Hopkins, are relics of the Stone Age, while Blackwell, our baby, has only joined us since the Intermediates.

But ever since that eventful moment when the first one among us scratched in boyish pride the figures "1912" upon his first text-book, through all the vicissitudes of college life and summer loafing, our class has shown itself a worthy scion of the Alma Mater which has sheltered so many men whose names now reverberate through the Halls of Time. And, like all red-blooded American youths, we have our greatest pride in our record as "Calicoists." We know that every other class makes the same boast, but we are the *real thing*. From W. T. Brown, whose ease becomes so chronic that matrimony alone could relieve him, down to Gale, who *pretends* to be a misogynist, we are all proficient in this gentle art. We can't help it—it's in the blood.

Calico-sporting and athletics go hand in hand. If they didn't there would be no athletics, for our most popular "calic" artists are our best athletes. There's "Bish" Lee, a captain of the eleven, and every inch a man, as many an opposing center knows.

When he puts on a hard-boiled shirt, and brushes back his infrequent hair from that classic brow—beware, impressionable maidens!

That little fellow? Don't you know Tommy??? Why, he's our playing manager of the basketball team, and some player. Don't smile—He's little, but oh, my! Just ask Hampden-Sidney and Randolph-Macon. And among the fair sex,

“None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.”

We furnish our full quota to every curler's bench. Snow, Neblett and Deierhoi have tied so many knots in the Faculty on tests and examinations that our hereditary enemies have fairly writhed. But they have not permitted their studies to interfere with their education. Deierhoi is managing our baseball team this year, while “Flit” and Snow are devout worshippers of Cupid; “Flit” publicly and Snow “unbeknownst.”

“Gentlemen, the President,” Stump came to us from the Keystone State, and sauntering up to the college in his quiet little way, he perched himself in the chemistry laboratory. There he is today, our Faculty member, the Assistant in Chemistry.

Yes, that's Hopkins; Tammany leader, prehistoric fossil and general enigma. To him, life is just one thing after another, and he spends most of his time deciding what he wants himself, and what he will let you have. But he always smiles, and smiles are great things.

Thus we are today. Weak in numbers, but stont



J. B. GALE



T. H. GEDDY, JR.



W. L. HOPKINS



W. B. LEE, JR.



W. H. NEBLETT



C. C. SNOW



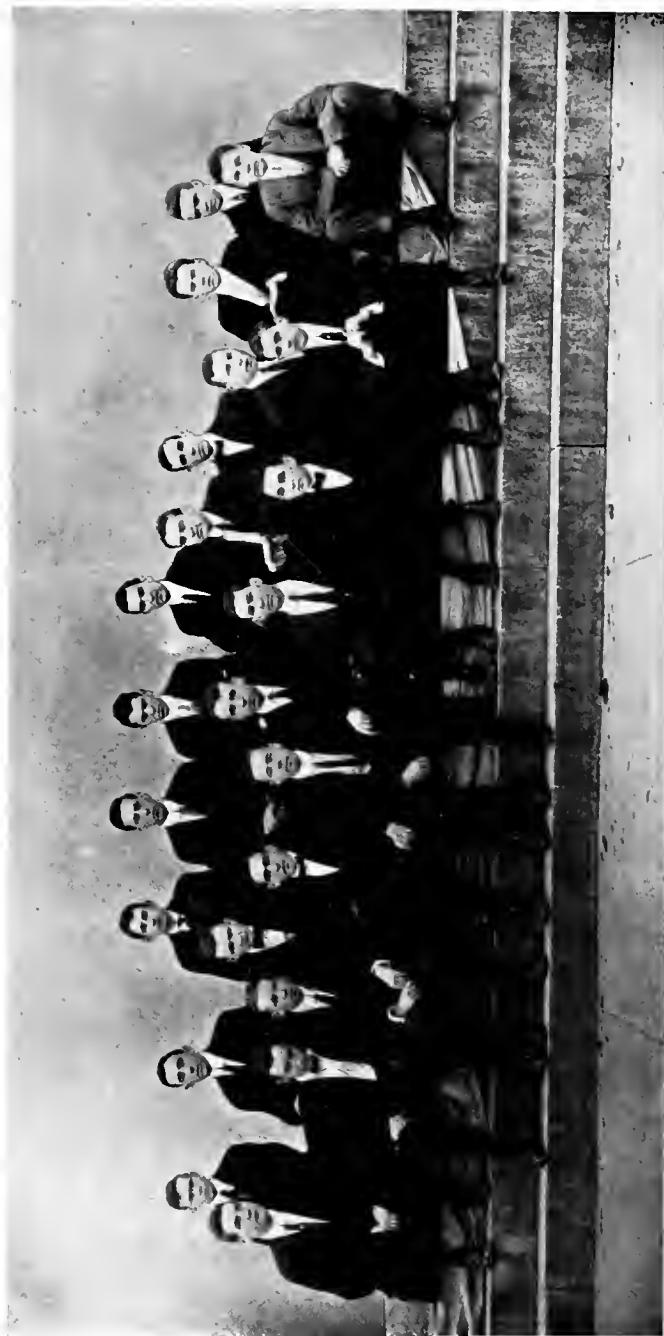
E. R. STUMP

of heart, the precepts of our dear old school are daily moulding us, physically, mentally and spiritually, and preparing us to follow in the footsteps of those sons who have won for her and for themselves honor and distinction. We may not all be Presidents or military geniuses, nor can we all be great authors or inventors, but what is the glory of William and Mary is also the pride and hope of the class of Nineteen Twelve; that her sons may all be loyal to her and to themselves; true American gentlemen. People will say of them, as we say of the classic halls which reared us,

"I like 'em 'cause they kin do'—
Sorto' make a feller like 'em."

—Historian.





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

Motto:—Nihil sine labore.

Colors:—Purple and Old Gold.

Yell.

Rah—Rah—Rah, Rah, Rah,
Soph-o-mores are we,
Freshmen, Freshmen have we been
Seniors yet to be.

Officers.

Arthur Read Christie.....	President
Raymond LeCron Unger.....	Vice-President
Wilbur Robbins Dameron.....	Secretary
Robert Clarence Warburton.....	Treasurer
Earl Baldwin Thomas.....	Historian

Members.

Alfriend, W. J.....	Norfolk, Va.
Bennett, T. W.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Bishop, C. E., Jr.....	Williamsburg, Va.
Bristow, F. M.....	Clarendonview, Va.
Christie, A. R.....	East Orange, N. J.
Clements, J. D.....	Ordinary, Va.
Dameron, W. R.....	Kinsale, Va.
Deal, R. C.....	Norfolk, Va.
Fugate, R. E.....	Nickelsville, Va.
Hall, J. F.....	Williamsburg, Va.
Hamilton, H. R.....	Nickelsville, Va.
Harrison, W. M.....	Shirley, Va.
Jackson, R. B.....	Keswick, Va.
Leatherbury, A. P.....	Machipongo, Va.
Long, C. H.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Montgomery, S. J.....	Laeross, Va.
Moore, J. D., Jr.....	Portsmouth, Va.
Nourse, W. B.....	Cassanova, Va.
Prillaman, R. A.....	Callaway, Va.
Thomas, E. B.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Turner, H. A.....	Lynchburg, Va.
Unger, R. L.....	Waynesboro, Pa.
Vaden, H. W.....	Elba, Va.
Warburton, R. C.....	Hotwater, Va.
Willeox, E. R.....	Norfolk, Va.



Sophomore Class History

We are here once more; back to the campus and the old buildings, the ancient city, and the places of various associations. Everybody was glad to see us back. We could tell that by the beaming faces of the faculty members, the expansive smile of the jovial college treasurer, and the happy grins of the townspeople. We were still further assured of this welcome fact by the swishing of silken skirts, the fluttering of buoyant hearts, as we were reviewed by our sisters of that crowning glory of Peacock Hill,—the Institute. More evidence of our warm reception was unnecessary, but we did not fail to enjoy the coy, demure and somehow familiar glances of those beauteous and everlasting creations that some inspired genius has termed "The College Widows."

The Class of 1913 was returning! The new Sophomore Class was coming back to take up their position of stability and achievement. Many ceased their enjoying life in other parts of the Old Dominion, and hastened hither to enjoy it in a broader way; the Heavenly Twins, Brothers Bennett and Long, forsook the lures of a Quaker settlement and paused only long enough to resue R. LeCron Unger from a sleepy Dutch village; our elongated president fanned aside a swarm of New Jersey pests, including mosquitoes and rural charmers; the meek historian lingered but to ship his oars and to bid Her a fond adieu; Jackson dismounted and tethered his Derby winner, while some, like Bishop and Hall, merely adjusted their scarfpins and calmly strolled towards the college campus.

As with the Walrus, the time has come for us to talk of many things. As a mere starter, we call attention to the fact that the Sophomore Class has the distinction of sheltering the entire football management. Jackson was the manager during the past season, and for next year we introduce to the public Manager Willeox. In the strenuous side of the game we were bravely represented by Unger and Christie. In basketball we again assert ourselves, Hall being captain and Montgomery a member of the team. Alfriend and Willeox

are monogram men of last year's nine, and will undoubtedly uphold their past record. In the Literary Societies, the Philomathean is fortunate enough to possess Harrison, Vaden and Warburton as silver tongued speakers, and the deep, rich voice of Unger has caused the Phoenix to elect him Final Orator. We possess, perhaps, the most unique character in college, a man of inventive and distributive ability, yet cursed with a perpetual melancholia,—Leatherbury. He has rescued, by a patent process, about two thousand jokes, conundrums and near-jokes from cold storage, canned them, and distributed them among his suffering friends as ready reminders of his affliction. Hamilton, king of the six footers, looks down majestically upon the small but trim figures of our two babes, "Jimmy" Clements and Roy Deal, as they escort the fair sex to the postoffice. Robert Bruce Jackson looks up at them, but not majestically; no, rather enviously, we would say.

Enough as a mere suggestion of what this class promises to be. Life seems good to us now, as we employ our second year in college life; the few honors that we have already won seem to our glowing vision but an earnest reminder of the greater laurels to come, both in the remainder of our collegiate life and in the complex mazes of the life beyond. We are optimistic, for such is the natural and rightful bent of college men; we are loyal to the colors of 1913 and to the Orange and White of William and Mary; as we progress further and further towards post graduation and our respective goals, let us hope that in that process of elimination, there may be none to fall by the way, that all may keep step with the march of Success, and that we may all ever remain faithful to the friendships and ideals of those youthful visions in which are reflected our future achievements and our future loyalty to the Class of 1913.

Historian.







FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

Motto:—The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Colors:—Orange and Blue.

Yell.

Razzle-dazzle! Never frazzle!
Not a thread but wool!
All together! All together!
That's the way we pull!

Freshmen!

Officers.

G. W. Schenck.....	President
W. H. Barr.....	Vice-President
J. S. Graves.....	Secretary
A. V. Borkey.....	Treasurer
C. R. Bagley.....	Historian

Members.

Adams, H. H.....	Laurel, Del.
Bagley, C. R.....	Mayock, N. C.
Barr, W. H.....	New York.
Barrow, Theo.....	Smithfield, Va.
Beale, A. F.....	Port Norfolk, Va.
Blackwell, E. B.....	Kenbridge, Va.
Blitzer, M.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Borkey, A. V.....	Bowling Green, Va.
Borkey, M. L.....	Bowling Green, Va.
Bryan, A. B.....	Petersburg, Va.
Carter, H. L.....	Danville, Va.
Cato, J. H.....	Emporia, Va.
Charles, B. C.....	Dare, Va.
Deel, W. O.....	Dante, Va.
Dold, W. E.....	Astoria, L. I., New York.
Drewry, W. L.....	Wakefield, Va.
Farthing, E. P.....	Newport News, Va.
Feinstein, M.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Forrest, A. S.....	Messick, Va.
Garth, B. A.....	Ivy, Va.
Galt, J. M.....	Williamsburg, Va.
Games, L. F.....	Norfolk, Va.

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Getzoff, B.	Elizabeth, N. J.
Gilliland, L. J.	Snow Shoe, Pa.
Gordon, A.	New York.
Graves, J. S.	Somerset, Va.
Hamlin, C. H.	Burkeville, Va.
Hillman, L. M.	St. Paul, Va.
Holler, C. W.	Terre Haute, Ind.
Hoover, L. H.	Williamsburg, Va.
Hubbard, S. H.	Forest Depot, Va.
James, A. W.	Batesville, Va.
Jones, E. C.	Urbanna, Va.
Leach, E. A.	Chase City, Va.
Mears, C. G.	Hampton, Va.
Meriwether, J. A.	Holcombs Rock, Va.
Metealf, W. C.	Williamsburg, Va.
Myers, H. S.	Norfolk, Va.
Neale, T. S.	Heathsville, Va.
Parker, H. G.	Portsmouth, Va.
Parker, W. L.	Portsmouth, Va.
Peachy, B. D., Jr.	Williamsburg, Va.
Presson, J. M.	Harpersville, Va.
Purdum, J. H.	Providence Forge, Va.
Richards, J. N.	Riverton, Va.
Robertson, W. S.	Norfolk, Va.
Rowe, T. J.	Hampton, Va.
Schenek, G. W.	Norfolk, Va.
Scheie, L. E.	Williamsburg, Va.
Schepnoes, C. H.	Dendron, Va.
Stanley, L. J.	Mayberry, Va.
Starnell, C. B.	Washington, D. C.
Stephens, J. W. G.	Wicomico Church, Va.
Stockard, T.	Reidsville, N. C.
Taylor, J. E.	Chase City, Va.
Tennis, W. J.	Phoebe, Va.
Tilley, T. C.	Norfolk, Va.
Tucker, J. L.	Merry Mount, N. C.
Wilcox, C. A.	Norfolk, Va.
Winsbro, W.	Front Royal, Va.
Witchley, P. L.	Camden, N. Y.
Wright, J. H.	Richmond, Va.

Freshman Class History



THE history of this, the Freshman world, is the history of those young men, who, fresh from the confines of obscurity, have come, bold and undaunted, to take anew the tasks that have proven too onerous, and to wear the armour that was found too heavy for those who have gone before. It has been these men, young men, fresh men as we may most truly say, that have made the dollars, built the bridges, and established the empires. These, who have not known defeat when they met it, and have laughed in the face of fatigue when it came to them.

As with the world, so with the state, and so with the college, young men have borne the burdens of all times, of all things, and of all places. The Freshman Class is proud, but not vain; retiring, but not timid; ambitious, but not foolhardy. We know our strength, we love our hopes, we dream our dreams. And although welcomed here by the icy hand of indifference, and slapped on the back by the ponderous paddle of the bucksters, and gazed upon as the aftermath of a stranded menagerie, still we have lived and loved and dreamed.

We have taken whatever we could get, and, like the parabolical lamb, have gone day by day to the shearers of our fleeces, and night by night to the takers of our graces, wearing always upon our lips the seal of patience, the badge of submission, but always waiting, waiting for a certain reckoning to come.

We have seen the silver lining to the thunder cloud of our Mathematician; we have heard the organ voice through the fife-noted pipings of our Rhetorician, and we have gained a profound respect for the examinations of our Roman.

The beginning itself, of our college career, has been auspicious in its results. Upon the trodden gridiron we have left our mark; the basketball court has known our prowess; on the diamond we are already confident of victories; in the literary halls we have sung our own praises by our accomplishments, and many, many are the calico-clad goddesses who have obeyed the motion of Cupid toward the Freshman Class.

But our position is a bitter sweet one. Bitter, to a degree, for causes aforementioned; sweet, in that it is the most enviable. For before us loom the glowing prospects of even greater achievements, of continued joys, and of a strengthening of the ties of friendship and association. Ours is the middle course, the best always, being neither the froth nor the dregs. We bring new blood, new life, new hopes, new ideals. And possibly when the bell sounds for the ending of our four years of victory, we shall leave things more rosy than we found them.

Historian.

Goodbye, Goodbye

Over the Fields of Yonth we played,
Adown the Paths of Hope we strayed,
 Little reeking of the winding,
 Slightly thinking what the ending
 Of those days of melody,
 When we should say good-bye.

Our morrows were filled with rainbow bars,
The pools at night with silver stars,
 For then the world seemed all a-gleaming
 (Ah, my heart was full of dreaming)
 In those days of eestasy,
 Before we said good-bye.





DUC GLASS

Senior Duc Class "C"

Motto:—Education is the Chief Defense of Nations.

Colors:—Maroon and Black.

Yell.

Ki Yi! Ki Yi!
Sis Boom,
We're Senior Ducs,
Give us room!

Officers.

H. W. Wyant.....	President
E. Bane	Vice-President
J. E. Pool.....	Secretary
L. L. Self.....	Treasurer
H. L. Harris.....	Historian

Members.

Addison, W. S.....	Eastville, Va.
Bane, E.....	Roanoke, Va.
Bing, B. E.....	Free Union, Albemarle Co., Va.
Brockwell, R. H.....	Bradleys Store, Charles City Co., Va.
Brannon, G. W.....	Whitaere, Frederick Co., Va.
Burch, R. E.....	Samos, Middlesex Co., Va.
Clary, H. V.....	Newville, Prince George Co., Va.
Clary, R. A.....	Newville, Prince George Co., Va.
Cooper, A. C.....	Washington, D. C.
Cox, S. W.....	Hiltons, Scott Co., Va.
Davis, G. M.....	Petersburg, Va.
Chaplain, R. W.....	Princess Anne Co., Va.
Doswell, J. M.....	New Canton, Buckingham Co., Va.
Dunn, J. H.....	Providence Forge, Va.
Derflinger, J. W.....	Front Royal, Va.
Echols, F. L.....	Seven Mile Ford, Va.
Ellis, W. F.....	Lloyds, Essex Co., Va.
Ellis, W. L.....	Lloyds, Essex Co., Va.

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Ford, P. A.	Talcott, W. Va.
Frey, O. W.	Allentown, Pa.
Gilliam, R. T.	Chickatneek, Nansemond Co., Va.
Gillions, D. L.	Cowart, Northumberland Co., Va.
Graefe, A. M.	Harpersville, Warwick Co., Va.
Griggs, D. M.	Big Island, Bedford Co., Va.
Harris, H. L.	Coeburn, Wise Co., Va.
Holloway, J.	Odd, York Co., Va.
Horne, J. R.	Sugar Grove, Smyth Co., Va.
Jennings, C.	Hickory, Norfolk Co., Va.
Johnson, M. K.	Rip Raps, Va.
Kellam, J. W.	Pungoteaque, Accomac Co., Va.
Lewis, P. G.	Farnham, Richmond Co., Va.
Machen, E. L. H.	Mohjaek, Matthews Co., Va.
Marrow, H. F.	Hampton, Va.
McAllister, J. R.	Norfolk, Va.
Nidermaier, J. O.	Poplar Hill, Giles Co., Va.
Peachy, B. D.	Williamsburg, Va.
Pool, J. E.	Portsmouth, Va.
Riggins, L. C.	Popquon, York Co., Va.
Self, L. L.	Lone Oak, Henry Co., Va.
Smith, R. G.	Urbanna, Va.
Somers, W. E.	Bloxom, Va.
Tucker, A. P.	Merry Mount, N. C.
Walker, R. H.	Stevensville, Va.
Walton, F. C.	Williamsburg, Va.
Wilkinson, T. E.	Olo, Lunenburg Co., Va.
Wyant, H. W.	Elkton, Rockingham Co., Va.

History of Class "C"



T has been said that the pen is mightier than the sword, but evidently this statement must needs be applicable only under special circumstances, or it must be considered as true when stated with definite provisions. The might of the pen, we may add, depends very decidedly upon the hand in which it is held. Though the pen has very little might as used by my hand, though it is very probable that the historian will be unable to do the famous Senior Due Class its deserved credit and justice, I shall do my utmost to express some of the best and chief characteristics of our wonderful class.

For years and years the learned faculty of this College have been taxing their brains that they might conceive of a plan by which more progressiveness should be added to the history of this institution. Their toils have not been unfruitful for they came to the very wise conclusion that William and Mary needed to establish the new, but now well-known, Third Due Class. So we may boast, and with a feeling of pride, that our class instituted in 1910 is the original, and moreover, that though it is comparatively very young, it represents a very great part of the college interests.

Our Class is made up of forty-three able men (both physically and intellectually) who represent various activities of college life. For instance, last fall we put out on the gridiron many men,—among whom Marrow, Brockwell, Deel, and Machen stand pre-eminent,—who, by their noble work with the "pig-skin," did great honor to their Alma Mater. In basketball, we are sorry to say, we fall just a little short of our standard, though several of our men almost made the team. We feel sure that we will be well represented in basketball next season, for our men have very promising qualities. As yet there has been scarcely any practice on the diamond and the track, but prospects look good, and our opinion is that the Senior Dues will work hard for the teams, and that many will go down in history as William and Mary stars.

Again, in the literary societies and lecture rooms, our men are doing excel-

lent work. We have orators, debaters, declaimers, and readers who are very conspicuous factors in Society work; in the classroom we have **curlers what am curlers**,—men who “curl” both in lectures and on examinations.

Doubtless you may think this is a very strong assertion, but we feel safe in saying that our class, as a whole and individually, has more “calico” blood in its veins than any other class in College. We **can** boast of “sports.” “Calico” is on every man’s ticket, and it is a very rare thing that our men fail to be “right there with the goods.” Since the majority of our Class has very great success with the ladies, it would be doing an injustice to the Senior Due Class were we not to mention a few of our members who are less successful with the “fair sex.” “Ambition is the only power that combats love,” says Paul Ford; consequently, such men as Gilliam, the **try again**; Holloway, the **optimist**; Machen, the **hopeful wight**, and “Bat” Peachy, the **ever-ready**, with sweaty brows are laboring to follow to the end their noble ambitions. Not only do the above-named have great ambitions, but **every** member of our class aims high. Yes, we have ambitions that will guide us to a higher and nobler life of acting and thinking.

Reluctantly does the historian now lay down his pen, while a feeling of sadness settles over his heart, for he realizes that much is left untold. But, in the words of Shakespeare, he knows, “ ‘Tis better to be brief than tedious.”

We bid you adieu.

Historian.





"B" Class, Second Sub-Collegiate Class

“B” Class, Second Sub-Collegiate Class

Motto:—Esse quam videri.

Colors:—Orange and Blue.

Yell.

Rough and Tough,
Hard to bluff,
We are the second “Dues”
With red hot stuff.

Officers.

Smith, P. C.	President
Powers, H. W.	Vice-President
McGuffin, E. B.	Treasurer
Lackey, H. H.	Secretary
Healy, J. H.	Historian

Members.

Abrahams, W. R.	Enfield, Va.
Armistead, C. C.	Williamsburg, Va.
Barnes, J. F.	Amelia C. H., Va.
Bishop, E. E.	Williamsburg, Va.
Brown, V. F.	Novum, Va.
Bunting, J. W., Jr.	Odd, Va.
Carmines, D. H.	Odd, Va.
Cox, R. F.	Alexandria, Va.
Derflinger, J. W.	Front Royal, Va.
Ellis, G. T.	Shawsville, Va.
Garland, A. L.	Warsaw, Va.
Graves, C. C.	Marksville, Va.
Healy, J. H.	Streets, Va.
Hilsman, J. R.	Austin, Tex.
Hitt, H. H.	Novum, Va.
Hoskins, J. H.	Duminsville, Va.
Lackey, H. H.	Yorktown, Va.
Lowenbach, M. R.	Leesburg, Va.
Martin, T.	Providence Forge, Va.
Mattox, A. L.	Petersburg, Va.
Mitchell, R. V.	Whitmell, Va.
McGuffin, E. B.	Callaway, Va.
Oliver, H. L.	Great Falls, Va.
Perkins, R.	Newport News, Va.
Pitman, J. M.	Williamsburg, Va.
Powers, H. W.	Northwest, Va.
Roberts, L. W.	Williamsburg, Va.
Salmon, C. L.	Elk Hill, Va.
Smith, P. C.	Tettington, Va.
Spencer, D. B.	Williamsburg, Va.
Walton, F. C.	Williamsburg, Va.
Watkins, R. B.	Studley, Va.



HEN a noble of the old regime haughtily asked Marshall Ney what his ancestry was, Marshall Ney replied, "I have none, but am forming one of my own." So it is with Class B. We have no ancestral class to point back to, but are making a name for ourselves, and it is my duty to record the history of the class during the session that has just closed.

The class is too large to mention every member individually, yet we are bound to acknowledge that every one has distinguished himself in some manner, if only in being a member of our class. We are young, yet growing; we are limited in our spheres of activity, yet versatile notwithstanding our limitations. The most earnest workers in the two literary societies, the most faithful of the scrub team, and the most ardent of the younger calicoists are proud to be enrolled in Class B. On the gridiron we have Spencer, and both he and Hoskins give promise of becoming stars in the baseball firmament. Barnes is known far and wide as the winner of the declamatory part of the intersociety contest, and while Walton is much attracted by the winsomeness of the Institute's fair scholars, Carmines demonstrates what the happy combination of wit, skill and beauty can do when a young man goes a-seeking for a sweetheart—or several of them, to be exact.

Our position is what may be termed a desirable one from the standpoint of sub-collegiate men. We are Sophomore Dues, and truly it is a solace to be able to look down upon **something**, even if it is that pin feathered association of webbed-footerers that we style the "first dues." We look beyond the transitory stage when we shall be Senior Dues, to that time when we can at least be Freshmen, a time when, we are solemnly told by those who know, the whole world will begin to unfold itself to our wondering eyes, and when the very mention of Duedom will fill us with amusement and disdain. Till then, let us continue to strive and to achieve, and to endeavor to further those deeds and ideals which have so marked the career of Class B in 1911.

Historian.



CLASS 11A

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Class "A"

Motto:—Gallia est omnis divisa in partes viginti.

Colors:—Clay and Carmine.

Yell.

Ray, Ray, Rah, Rah,
First Year Dues
Sis Bum Ba.

Officers.

Shiers, W.	President
Lloyd, M. P.	Vice-President
Jackson, J. W.	Secretary
Jenkins, F. F.	Treasurer
Neil, J. J.	Historian

Members.

Brinkley, H. W.	Cypress Chapel, Va.
Clay, M. D.	Coeburn, Va.
Crockett, C. C.	Waterview, Va.
Fulton, G. H.	Mt. Airy, N. C.
Gresham, S. O.	Champlain, Va.
Hicks, W. T.	Port Royal, Va.
Jenkins, F. F.	Carrsville, Va.
Jackson, J. W.	Keswick, Va.
Jones, J. E.	New Glasgow, Va.
Larkin, Geo.	Portsmouth, Va.
Leigh, A. L.	Kenmore, Va.
Lloyd, M. P.	Norfolk, Va.
Lowenback, M. R.	Leesburg, Va.
Neil, J. J.	Lawrence, Mass.
Rocke, L. B.	Lynchburg, Va.
Shiers, W.	Lawrence, Mass.
Smith, W.	Odd, York Co., Va.
Somers, V. L.	Mearsville, Va.
Wilson, P. A.	Newport News, Va.
Zehner, G. B.	McKenny, Va.

Class "A" History

"Yes, we're boys always playing with tongue or with pen,
And I sometimes have asked,—Shall we ever be men?"

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a class to inflict upon one of its members the office of historian, who shall inscribe its deeds and misdeeds during that session, then the historian must reach for his pen, think an exceedingly great think, and forthwith write down an enology of that class, as I am about to do for the A Sub-Collegiate Class of William and Mary College.

While the A Class is lowest in the order of arrangement, nevertheless it is by no means the least in the classroom, on the campus, and on the athletic field. Many of the students in this division have acquitted themselves well in nearly every phase of College life. In the lecture room Shiers has distinguished himself as an all-round "euler," Crockett and Somers excel in Mathematics, and Gresham and Jenkins in Latin. In the Literary Societies our men are taking an active part, and from present indications, several members of the class, after a little more experience, will be able to make Cicero blush with shame. The A Class comprises, also, a large part of the attendance at the Y. M. C. A. meetings, and its members are doing regular and consistent work there and in the Bible Classes.

Taking everything into consideration, we are very well represented in athletics this year. On the gridiron "Little" Somers, "Giant" Larkin, and Brinkley displayed their skill and endurance, and, while the latter two only played in "scrub" games, but for the objections of their parents they would undoubtedly have made the Varsity. Somers, however, made his monogram, and at tackle on the football team he handled everything that came his way. We were not represented on the basketball "quint," but Wilson ranks with the first "subs." Although it is too early to say anything definite about baseball, we will have several candidates for honors on the diamond, Jackson and Shiers being the most promising men. Rocke and Smith are sure to come into the limelight—as spectators.

Did you say calico sports? Yes, we have **them**, too, the greatest "Romeos" being Jackson and Lloyd, and many a fair Williamsburg "Juliet" has fallen a victim to their charms. Yea, verily, Cupid's darts are mightier than cannon balls and gatling guns!

With this homely tribute, the writer must close the History of this class, fondly hoping that in future years its members, when reading over this page, may have a pleasant reminder of the incidents and happenings in their first year at William and Mary.

Historian.

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ONE DAY GONE AND NOTHING DID.

Student's Expense Account.

Date.	Rec'd	Paid.
Feb. 10.	1020 min.	
Waiting for turn at the shower,	3	
Waiting for breakfast	5	
Coffee too hot	1	
Rolling Cigarette	1	
Stopped on corner	5	
"Crush" goes by	1, 60 (Fast)	
Looking after "Crush"	10 (slow)	
Looking after "Crush"	15 (slower)	
Looking after "Crush"	20 (slowest)	
Looking after "Crush"	25 (snail)	
Waiting for Dr. Tyler	30	
Waiting while Dr. T. goes back to put on his trousers	10	
Waiting while Dr. T. makes out new roll	10	
Waiting while Dr. G. finds the key to chemistry	6	
604 "Now Gentlemen's" from Vandy F	48	
Waiting while Dr. Garrett finds out if he can perform the daily experiment or not	6	
Dr. Hall tells a chestnut of the Vintage of '82	20	
Graves would like a contingent fee	7	
Hopkins would like to whisper a word in my ear	30	
Waiting for dinner	25	
Sleep, sleep, sleep, good old sleep	180	
Waiting for supper	5	
Waiting for third dance at dancing school	15	
"Mush" from fair damsels	56	
Apology to Miss Largia Feete	7	
Annual Staff Meeting (Stump has floor)	40 (Utterly wasted)	
In lineup for egg sandwich at Delmonico's	10	
Increased distance going home account- able to unnecessary deviations	22	
Interview with lamp post	17	
Flirtation with millinery display	14	
Unavoidable delay in dressing	6	
Waiting for the bed to come around donsherknow	3	
Feb. 11.		
Mem. Broke	632	
Amount on hand, 382 minutes.		

The Djinns

Walls, town,
Beneath,
The home
Of Death;
Now roar
The seas
Whence comes
The breeze,

On the plain
Far away
Is a noise
And they say,
'Tis the breath
Of the night,
'Tis a soul
In quick flight!

A higher voice
Rings like a bell,
A leaping dwarf
A magic spell
Doth weave; and twist
And squirm and prance
His ugly body
In a dance.

The tumult comes nigh;
The echo repeats
The noise of the throng
Through desolate streets,
As murmurs of ghosts
Which come and which go
And meantime which grow
Becoming huge hosts.

O God! The tomb-like voice!
The Djinns, what howls they make!
Gone now, through my thick walls
The secret passage take,
For sputters low my torch,
The shadow of the rail,
Which shows along the wall
Doth make my spirit fail.

'Tis a swarm of Djinns who pass,
Hurtling by in hideous line:
Yew trees sinking 'neath their mass,
Crackle like a blazing pine,
And their dismal, fleeing flock,
Flitting in the empty space,
Seems a cloud with lightning fraught,
Laden with the Devil's grace.

Now here they are! Let us hold fast
This room where we the troop defy!
What noise without! Unholy herds
Of bats, of dragons now rush by:
The loos'ning girders of the roof,
Are bending as a dampened reed:
The rusted iron of my gate
Now threatens falling in my need.

A cry from Hell! A doleful, awful voice!
A dreadful swarm from Satan's blackest halls,—
I doubt it not, O Heaven,—hangs o'er my home,
The gloomy company makes sag my walls.
The house is groaning, tottering from their weight,
And one would say that from the soil 'twas plucked,
And, as it rolls along a dried-up leaf,
The storm my hut had to its vortex sucked.

Prophet! If thy hand shall save me
From these demons of the night,
I will keep the holy fire
On thy altar blazing bright.
'Gainst my faithful, trusting doors
May their scorching breath expire!
Vainly let their claw-like wings
Scratch my windows, or draw nigher!

They are gone! Their cohort dread
 Taking wing has fled away;
 Of the beating on my doors
 They have ceased the fearful fray.
 In the air a noise of chains
 Can be heard in forests near
 Mighty oaks are shivering
 In the passing spirits' fear.

Their wings' distant flappings
 Are fading like a dream,
 Are confused on the plains
 And are feeble; they seem
 The chirp of a cricket,—
 The squeaking of tiles,—
 The dropping of cinders
 Upon my slant tiles.

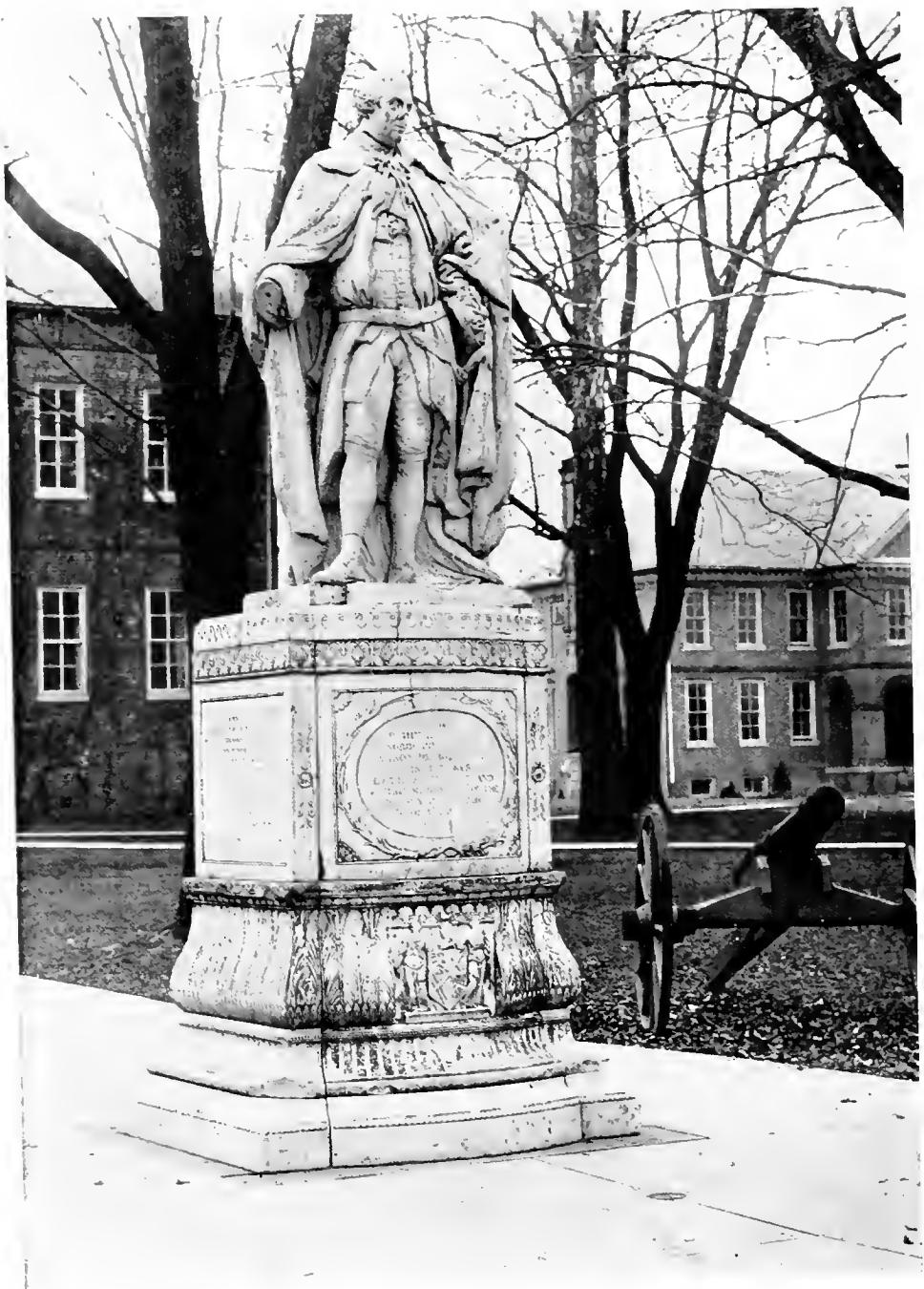
The dismal Djims,
 The sons of wrath,
 In dusky shades
 Now pick their path.
 The throng bemoans
 Their dreary lot,
 As does a wave
 Which one sees not.

The weak sound
 Which now fades
 Is the grass'
 Rustling blades.
 'Tis the plaint,
 Very faint,
 Of a saint
 For dead shades.

I doubt
 The night;
 I hark,—
 Their flight
 Is past.
 Clear space
 Blots out
 Their trace.

*Translated from Victor Hugo.

Arthur S. Howe.





Old Botetourt

N October 15, 1770, there died, deeply lamented throughout the colony, the Right Honorable Norborne Berkley, Baron de Botetourt, Governor General of Virginia. A sum of money was voted by the general assembly to erect a marble statue to his memory.

This statue was made in London by Richard Bayward, and erected in 1774, in front of the old Capitol building at Williamsburg. Time wore on; the revolution came and severed our ties with the mother-land; the seat of government was changed to Richmond. The statue remained, for many years, in its old place, forsaken and mutilated by those intolerant of all appearances of royalty. In 1797 it was removed to a place on the college campus, commanding the entrance to the main building. There it has since stood, worn slightly by the ravages of time, and partly shattered by the measures of vandalism.

To us, as we linger on the campus, his commanding figure has become so wrapped up in the lovable personality that many generations have clothed him in, that "Old Botetourt" seems to watch over us with an air of kindly interest; seems, indeed, to be an indispensable part of our college.



Senior Normal Class

Officers.

Walter L. Hopkins.....	President
Herbert H. Blackwell.....	Vice-President
W. R. Dameron.....	Secretary
Robert C. Warburton.....	Treasurer

Members.

K. A. Agee	E. C. Jones	W. H. Harrison
H. H. Blackwell	A. P. Leatherbury	W. T. Brown
W. L. Hopkins	S. J. Montgomery	H. W. Vaden
W. R. Dameron	R. A. Prillaman	R. C. Warburton



The Model School

Officers and Teachers.

Miss Nannie C. Davis.....	Principal
Miss Marguerite E. Murphy.....	Kindergarten
Miss Ellen Barnes.....	Music
Miss Laura M. Stillwell.....	Domestic Science
Miss Elizabeth Morecock.....	Second Grade
Miss Mary Henley Spence.....	Fourth Grade

To Be or Not to Be

When I came to college, mother said,
"Now, son, be good and go to bed
When the clock strikes half past ten.
Tell the truth with great and small,
Hang George Washington on the wall,
And write to mother now and then."

But all my papa said was "don't."
Don't do this, don't do that.
Upon the jet don't hang your hat.
Don't come home at half past three
Filled to the brim with "social tea."
Mother said, "do"; father said "don't."
"Now ma, I will; now pa, I won't."

I bought George Washington on a postage stamp
And stuck it on my chamber wall.
I hang my hat on my student's lamp.
At half-past ten—A. M.—in bed I crawl,
I don't come home full of social tea
As I have nice friends to care for me,
And to tell a lie, I simply won't.
"Yes mama I will; No papa, I won't."

R. B. J.

LITERARY



SOCIETIES



PHILOMATHLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Philomathean Literary Society

Officers.

President.	Vice-President.	Recording Secretary.
1st term—G. W. Schenek	H. H. Fletcher	A. L. Thoms
2nd term—J. E. Capps	H. W. Vaden	W. J. Alfriend
3rd term—A. L. Thoms	F. B. Wilkinson	J. L. Tucker
4th term—E. B. Thomas	H. R. Hamilton	J. D. Moore
Final—H. H. Fletcher		J. L. Tucker
	Treasurer, R. C. Warburton.	

Members.

Addison, W. S.	Getzoff, B.	Oliver, H. L.
Alfriend, W. J.	Gilliland, L. J.	Perkins, R.
Barr, W. H.	Gordon, A.	Powers, H. W.
Bing, B. E.	Graves, C. C.	Prillaman, R. A.
Bristow, F. M.	Graves, F. E.	Salmon, C. L.
Blitzer, M.	Hamilton, H. R.	Schenek, G. W.
Capps, J. E.	Harris, H. L.	Somers, W. E.
Carter, H. L.	Harrison, W. M.	Smith, P. C.
Clay, M. D.	Healy, J. H.	Stanley, I. J.
Clary, H. V.	Hlite, A. M.	Stoekard, T.
Clary, R. A.	Hoskins, J. H.	Stump, E. R.
Cooper, A. C.	Howe, A. S.	Thomas, E. B.
Cox, R. F.	James, A. W.	Thoms, A. L.
Derflinger, J. W.	Jennings, C.	Tucker, A. P.
Drewry, W. L.	Mitchell, R. V.	Tucker, J. L.
Fletcher, H. H.	Myers, H. S.	Turner, H. A.
Forrest, A.	Montgomery, S. J.	Vaden, H. W.
Fugate, R. E.	Moore, J. D.	Warburton, R. C.
Fulton, J. M.	Neblett, W. H.	Wilkinson, F. B.
Games, L. F.	Niederauer, J. O.	Wilkinson, T. E.
		Winsbro, W. W.
		Witchley, P.



Philomathean Final Men

H. H. Fletcher.....	President
J. L. Tueker.....	Secretary
J. E. Capps.....	Chairman Executive Committee
S. J. Montgomery.....	Chief Marshal
R. C. Warburton	Debaters
A. W. James	
H. W. Vaden	Orators
W. M. Harrison	



PHOENIX LITERARY SOCIETY

Phoenix Literary Society

Officers.

President.	Vice-President.	Recording Secretary.
1st term—K. A. Agee	W. T. Brown	S. W. Cox
2nd term—W. L. Hopkins	A. V. Borkey	W. H. Deierhoi
3rd term—W. B. Lee	L. S. Self	W. H. Deierhoi
Final—K. A. Agee	Treasurer, W. O. Deel.	W. H. Deierhoi

Members.

Abrahams, W. R.	Horne, J. R.
Agee, K. A.	Hubbard, S. H.
Bane, Ed.	Jones, E. C.
Barnes, J. F.	Lee, W. B.
Bishop, C. E.	Leigh, A. L.
Brown, W. T.	Lowenbach, M. R.
Brown, V. F.	Martin, T.
Brinkley, H. W.	MacGuffin, E. B.
Borkey, A. V.	McAllister, J. R.
Charles, B. C.	Neale, T. S.
Clements, J. B.	Nourse, W. B.
Cox, S. W.	Peachy, B. D.
Dameron, W. R.	Pool, J. E.
Deel, W. O.	Presson, J. M.
Deierhoi, W. H.	Riggins, L. C.
Eehols, F. L.	Slater, W. B.
English, A. F.	Seheie, L. E.
Feinstein, M.	Schepmoes, C. H.
Frey, O. W.	Self, L. S.
Gillions, D. L.	Smith, C. H.
Goodwin, F. D.	Unger, R. L.
Graefe, A. M.	Walton, F. C.
Greenewalt, C. M.	Walker, R. H.
Griggs, D. M.	Watkins, R. B.
Hamlin, C. H.	Wilcox, E. R.
Holler, C. W.	Zehmer, G. B.
Hopkins, W. L.	Wyant, H. W.



Phoenix Final Men

K. A. Agee.....	President
W. H. Deierhoi.....	Secretary
W. R. Dameron.....	Chairman Executive Committee
A. F. English.....	Chief Marshal
W. L. Hopkius L. S. Self	Debaters
R. L. Unger C. H. Smith	Orators



H. H. FLETCHER,
Business Manager



K. A. AGEE,
Editor-in-Chief



W. L. HOPKINS,
Ass't Business Manager



A. F. ENGLISH,
Famous and Infamous.



F. D. GOODWIN,
Famous and Infamous.



W. B. LEE,
College and Y. M. C. A. Notes.



W. H. DEIERHOLZ,
College and Y. M. C. A. Notes.



EARL B. THOMAS,
Exchanges

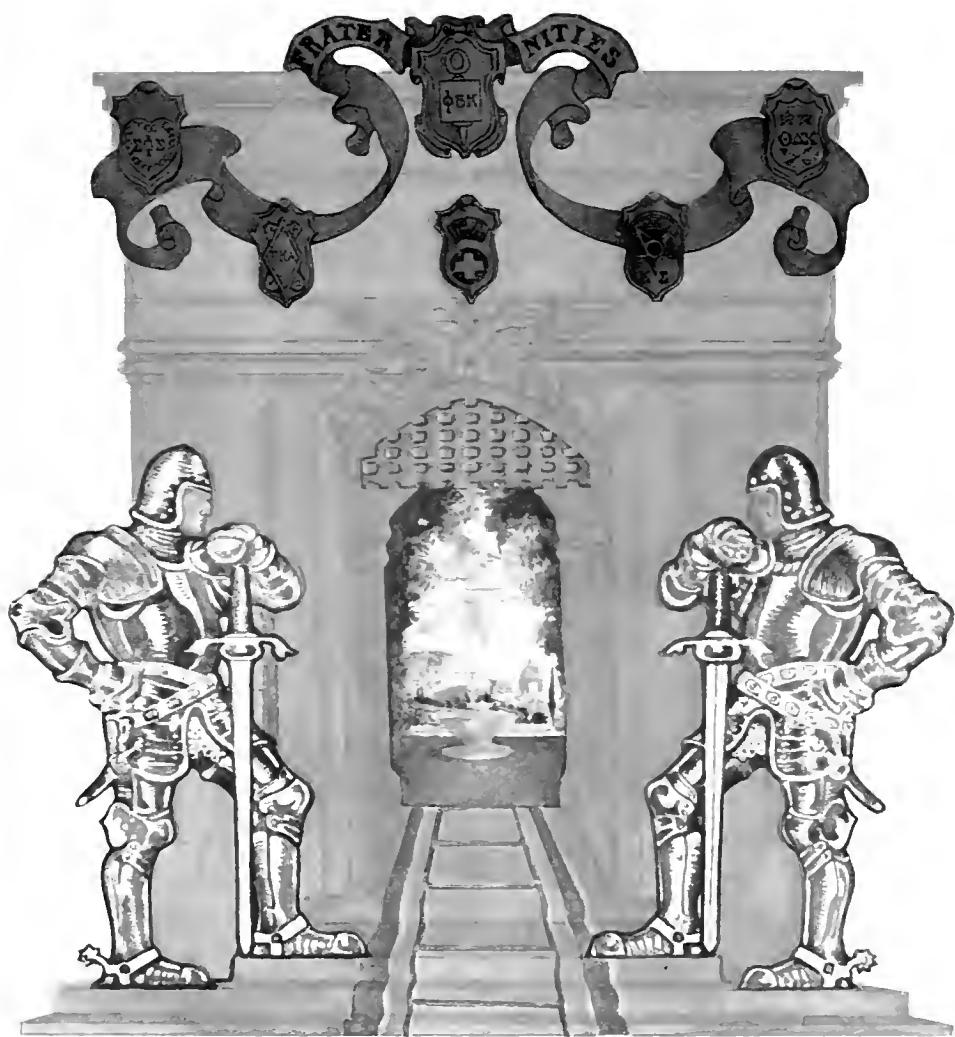


J. E. CAPPAS,
Athletics



E. R. STUMP,
Alumni

William and Mary Literary Magazine



Phi Beta Kappa

(Alpha Chapter of William and Mary.)

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Prof. Chas. Edward Bishop, Ph. D.	Prof. Alex. B. Coffey, M. A.
Charles Washington Coleman, M. A.	Prof. R. M. Crawford, M. A.
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James Calvin Hemphill, Esq.

Phi Beta Kappa History



THE Phi Beta Kappa Society was organized at the College of William and Mary, December 5, 1776. The founders were John Heath, Thomas Smith, Richard Booker, Armistead Smith, and John Jones, who "builded better than they knew." It was a combination of the modern Greek letter fraternity and the college debating society. One of the rules was, "That four members be selected to perform at every session, two of whom in matters of argumentation and the others in opposite composition."

The first stadium of the mother chapter lasted but five years (1776-1781). In 1781 the British fleet, "bearing Benedict Arnold and his forces," landed near Williamsburg, and the society sealed up its records and placed them in the hands of the college steward. These old minutes were lost sight of for many years, then fell into the keeping of the Virginia Historical Society, by whom they were returned to the mother chapter after her revival in 1893. They are now an object of intense interest to every Phi Beta Kappa who visits the college of William and Mary.

During this first period of five years, there were about fifty initiations. Between 1776 and 1788, many of these fifty youths rose into prominence in Virginia; later on, in national polities. In the Virginia Convention of 1788, eight Phi Beta Kappas took a leading part. In the General Assembly of Virginia about the same time, some of them were very prominent. Of course, the most distinguished of all was John Marshall, who was initiated while attending law lectures in the college, when, as a captain in the Revolutionary Army, he came to Williamsburg to urge the Legislature to muster in more troops for the patriot army.

Among other prominent men of this first era were Archibald Stuart, jurist; John Heath, legislator and congressman; Bekley, clerk of Congress; Bushrod Washington, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and William Short, the eminent diplomat. Other names on the roster are Cabell, Hardy, Mason, Fitzburgh, Lee, and Madison.

Phi Beta Kappa cannot claim Jefferson as a member. His college days were over when she came into existence, and, as already said, the boys adjourned in 1781; that little band never met again as a society.

Among the original fifty members was a delicate youth from New England named Elisha Parmelee, who came South for his health. He became a very enthusiastic Phi Beta Kappa, and urged that chapters be established in New England. On December 4, 1779, a charter was voted to Harvard,—five days later, to Yale. Parmelee established these two chapters some time in 1780 or 1781. Those two, with the consent of Virginia Alpha, established a chapter at Dartmouth College. After the suspension of the mother chapter, the three chapters named above constituted the whole society. Brilliant men adorn the rolls of the New England chapters, among them John Quincy Adams, Timothy Bigelow, Edward Everett, Emerson, Story, Wayland, Parsons, Cushing, Beecher, Allstone, Bryant, Holmes, Longfellow, Sargent, Taylor, Bret Harte, Stedman, Stoddard, Webster, Choate, Woolsey, Curtis, and Lowell.

In 1849, the mother chapter rose from the dead. William Short, one of her fifty members, revived the chapter and placed its destinies in the hands of the

College faculty. Among the members of that era were Rev. Silas Totten, D. D., President Benjamin S. Ewell, and Prof. Edward S. Joynes. They conferred the honor of membership upon James M. Wise, John S. Hansbrough, W. Robertson Garrett, Alfred M. Randolph, A. S. Fareron, William Lamb, W. Talbot Walke, Robert Gatewood, William B. Taliaferro, and a few other distinguished students, whose names are not recorded. In 1861, war again sounded at the College gates, and the Phi Beta Kappa boys threw down their lexicons, bade adieu to the old College, and entered the armies defending Virginia.

From 1861 to 1893, the old mother chapter slumbered peacefully. Occasionally she would wake up long enough to elect a professor to membership, but rarely went through any form of initiation. In 1893, however, after the College had been in operation for five years under the regis of the state, William Lamb, a loyal son of William and Mary, and a devoted Phi Beta Kappa, determined to revive the chapter. With the co-operation of the venerable Benjamin S. Ewell, president-emeritus of the College, Gen. William B. Taliaferro, vice-rector of the Board of Visitors, Major W. Talbot Walke, and Rev. Robert Gatewood, he initiated the whole faculty (six) and the College librarian, a man of letters. These seven proceeded to add to the membership of the chapter. Among the members now are most of the literary men of this State, and some in other states; and a good number of young alumni have been elected on account of their special promise.

In everything in Virginia requiring brains and ability, William and Mary Phi Beta Kappas are generally in evidence, so much so that it is a badge of honor in Virginia to wear the key of Virginia Alpha, and to be admitted to the annual banquet.

Thomas Nelson Page, when elected by this chapter, said that it was one of the highest honors he had ever received. Hon. Elihu Root said that the revival of the mother chapter of Phi Beta Kappa was one of the greatest events of the closing decade of the nineteenth century.

Though originally a Greek letter fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa has long occupied a different position. She does not compete at all with college fraternities. A man may belong to one of these and to Phi Beta Kappa at the same time. As to the secrecy, that is a matter of local custom. In some places there is no secrecy at all. At Harvard, initiations used to be public. The motto, the meaning of the letters, and other supposed secrets can be found printed in any library. Phi Beta Kappa is a "brotherhood of scholars."

At William and Mary there are two classes of members, which might be called ordinary and honorary. The latter, as intimated already, are men distinguished in letters and science, whom the College wishes to honor. The former are old students who have gone out into life and shown some special promise, or won their spurs in some literary or scientific calling. Any student now on the rolls has it within his power to wear the key and take part in the annual "feast of reason and flow of soul," the evening which begins with an oration and ends in "jollity and mirth."



Pi Kappa Alpha Directory

Founders.

*Frederick Southgate Taylor, B. A.....	Norfolk, Va.
Julian Edward Wood, M. D.....	Elizabeth City, N. C.
Littleton Waller Tazewell.....	Norfolk, Va.
*Robertson Howard, M. A., M. D., LL. D.....	Washington, D. C.
*James Benjamin Schlater.....	Richmond, Va.

*Deceased.

Active Chapters.

Name.	Location.
Alpha	University of Virginia.....University, Va.
Beta	Davidson College.....Davidson, N. C.
Gamma	William and Mary College.....Williamsburg, Va
Delta	Southern University.....Greensboro, Ala.
Zeta	University of Tennessee.....Knoxville, Tenn.
Eta	Tulane University.....New Orleans, La.
Theta	Southwestern Presbyterian University....Clarksville, Tenn.
Iota	Hampden-Sidney College.....Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Kappa	Transylvania University.....Lexington, Va.
Omiceron	Richmond College.....Richmond, Va.
Pi	Washington and Lee University.....Lexington, Va.
Tau	University of North Carolina.....Chapel Hill, N. C.
Upsilon	Alabama Polytechnic Institute.....Auburn, Ala.
Chi	University of the South.....Sewanee, Tenn.
Psi	North Georgia Agricultural College.....Dahlonega, Ga.
Omega	State University.....Lexington, Ky.
Alpha-Alpha	Trinity College.....Durham, N. C.
Alpha Gamma....	Louisiana State University.....Baton Rouge, La.
Alpha Delta.....	Georgia School of Technology.....Atlanta, Ga.
Alpha Epsilon....	North Carolina A. & M. College.....Raleigh, N. C.
Alpha Zeta.....	University of Arkansas.....Fayetteville, Ark.
Alpha Eta.....	University of State of Florida.....Gainesville, Fla.
Alpha Iota.....	Millsaps College.....Jackson, Miss.
Alpha Kappa....	Missouri School of Mines.....Rolla, Mo.
Alpha Lambda...	Georgetown College.....Georgetown, Ky.
Alpha Mu.....	University of Georgia.....Athens, Ga.
Alpha Nu.....	University of Missouri.....Columbia, Mo.
Alpha Xi.....	University of Cincinnati.....Cincinnati, Ohio.
Alpha Omiceron...	Southwestern University.....Georgetown, Tex.



PI KAPPA ALPHA

Gamma Chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha

(Founded at University of Virginia, 1868.)

Flowers:—Lily of the Valley and Gold Standard Tulip.

Chapter Flower:—Tulip.

Fratres in Collegio.

Arthur Read Christie
Goodwyn Montgomery Davis
William Hansen Deierhoi
William Ellis
Alan Fred English
Ernest Power Farthing
Paul Adie Ford
Bernard Allen Garth
Leslie James Gilliland
John Hundley Hoskins
Edward Cary Jones
Alfred Parker Leatherbury
Cary Ambler Wilcox
Edward Roane Wilcox
Ernest L. Wright
William Falcon Parsons

Fratres in Urbe.

Dr. G. A. Hankins M. C. Barnes

Pi Kappa Alpha

Alumni Chapters.

Alumnus Alpha.....	Richmond, Va.
Alumnus Beta.....	Memphis, Tenn.
Alumnus Gamma.....	White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
Alumnus Delta.....	Charleston, S. C.
Alumnus Epsilon.....	Norfolk, Va.
Alumnus Zeta.....	Dillon, S. C.
Alumnus Eta.....	New Orleans, La.
Alumnus Theta.....	Dallas, Tex.
Alumnus Iota.....	Knoxville, Tenn.
Alumnus Kappa.....	Charlottesville, Va.
Alumnus Lambda.....	Opelika, Ala.
Alumnus Mu.....	Fort Smith, Ark.
Alumnus Nu.....	Birmingham, Ala.
Alumnus Xi.....	Lynchburg, Va.
Alumnus Omieron.....	Spartanburg, S. C.
Alumnus Pi.....	Gainesville, Ga.
Alumnus Rho.....	Lexington, Ky.
Alumnus Sigma.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Alumnus Tau.....	Salisbury, N. C.
Alumnus Upsilon.....	Charlotte, N. C.
Alumnus Phi.....	Hattiesburg, Miss.
Alumnus Chi.....	Muskogee, Okla.



Kappa Alpha

(Founded at Washington and Lee University in 1865.)

Active Chapters.

Alpha.....	Washington-Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Gamma.....	University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Epsilon.....	Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
Zeta.....	Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Eta.....	Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Theta.....	University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.
Kappa.....	Merer University, Macon, Ga.
Lambda.....	University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Nu.....	Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
Xi.....	Southwestern University, Georgetown, Tex.
Omicron.....	University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Pi.....	University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Sigma.....	Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.
Upsilon.....	University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Phi.....	Southwestern University, Greensboro, Ala.
Chi.....	Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Psi.....	Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Omega.....	Central University of Kentucky, Danville, Ky.
Alpha Alpha.....	University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
Alpha Beta.....	University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Alpha Gamma.....	Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
Alpha Delta.....	William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.
Alpha Zeta.....	William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
Alpha Eta.....	Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.
Alpha Theta.....	Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky.
Alpha Iota.....	Centenary College, Shreveport, La.
Alpha Kappa.....	University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.
Alpha Mu.....	Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
Alpha Nu.....	The George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha Xi.....	University of California, Berkley, Cal.
Alpha Omicron.....	University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Alpha Pi.....	Leland Stamford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, Cal.
Alpha Rho.....	West Va. University, Morgantown, W. Va.
Alpha Sigma.....	Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Alpha Tau.....	Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Alpha Upsilon.....	University of Mississippi, University, Miss.
Alpha Phi.....	Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
Alpha Omega.....	N. C. A. & M. College, Raleigh, N. C.
Beta Alpha.....	Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.
Beta Beta.....	Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.
Beta Gamma.....	College of Charleston, Charleston, S. C.
Beta Delta.....	Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky.
Beta Epsilon.....	Delaware College, Newark, Del.
Beta Zeta.....	University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.
Beta Eta.....	University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
Beta Theta.....	Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Beta Iota.....	Drury College, Springfield, Mo.



KAPPA ALPHA

Alpha Zeta Chapter of Kappa Alpha

(Established in 1890.)

Colors of the Order:—Crimson and Old Gold.

Flowers:—Magnolia and Red Rose.

Chapter Flower:—Violet.

Yell.

K A Alpha
K A Kappa
Alpha Zeta
Kappa Alpha.

Frater in Facultate.

Dr. W. A. Montgomery

Fratres in Collegio.

William Jeffery Alfriend, 1913

Theophilus Barrow, Jr., 1914

Charles Rutherford Bagley, 1914

Charles Eric Bishop, 1913

Roy Chitwood Deal, 1913

William Elliott Dold, 1914

William Kavanaugh Doty, 1911

James Neville Richards, 1914

Walter Spencer Robertson, 1914

Thomas Chapman Tilley, 1914

Harry Evans Trimble, 1911

Fratres in Urbe.

Spenceer Lane

Robert Sidney Brooks

Alumni Chapters of Kappa Alpha

Alexandria, La.	Robert A. Hunter
Ann Arbor, Mich.	W. F. Johnston
Asheville, N. C.	Harry T. Herring, Nu Sigma Nu House
Atlanta, Ga.	H. K. Northup
Baton Rouge, La.	E. C. Laird, 160 Forrest Avenue
Birmingham, Ala.	Chas. P. Mansfield
Boston, Mass.	DeVotie Ewing
Canal Zone	Roscoe Stewart, Harvard University
Charlotte, N. C.	Dr. W. M. James, Ancon Hospital, Ancon, Canal Zone
Charleston, S. C.	J. P. Lucas
Charleston, W. Va.	H. R. Sass
Chattanooga, Tenn.	S. C. Littlepage
Centreville, Miss.	Morris E. Temple
Chester, S. C.	Charles M. Shaw
Chicago, Ill.	G. J. Patterson
Columbus, Ga.	Robt. Acker, 311 So. Ashland Boulevard
Dallas, Texas	Frank D. Foley
Ft. Smith, Ark.	S. T. Stratton, Jr.
Griffin, Ga.	S. J. Holt
Hampton, Newport News, Va.	Barley Fowler
Hattiesburg, Miss.	H. H. Holt
Houston, Texas	Stokes V. Robertson
Huntington, W. Va.	W. P. Hamblen, Jr.
Ithaca, N. Y.	E. W. Townsend
Jacksonville, Fla.	A. J. Stude
Jackson, Miss.	Richard P. Daniel
Jonesboro, Ark.	V. Otis Robertson
Kansas City, Mo.	C. D. Frierson
Knoxville, Tenn.	A. E. Martin, 321 Wyandotte Street
Lexington, Ky.	W. P. Tonis, Box 218
Little Rock, Ark.	Wellington F. Scott
Los Angeles, Cal.	Phil McNemer
Macon, Ga.	Irving M. Walker, 710 Fay Bldg.
Memphis, Tenn.	R. Douglas Feagin
Mobile, Ala.	H. F. Daniels, Norfolk and Western R. R.
Montgomery, Ala.	S. H. Bailey
Nashville, Tenn.	Ray Jones, 430 Court Street
Natchitoches, La.	A. W. Stockell, Jr., Vanderbilt Law Bldg.
New Haven, Conn.	D. J. Hyams
New Orleans, La.	Hulding P. Robertson, Yale Station
New York City	C. P. Stone
Norfolk, Va.	W. G. Basinger, 1123 Broadway
Oklahoma City, Okla.	R. W. Waldrop, Jr., 73 Boush Street
Petersburg, Va.	H. E. Elder
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Moyler
Pittsburg, Pa.	S. L. Willard, 642 N. Eighth Street
Raleigh, N. C.	C. T. McDonald
Richmond, Va.	John B. Swartzwout, American Nat'l Bank Bldg.
San Antonio, Texas	Listen A. Casey, 519 Moore Bldg.
San Francisco	R. L. Rowley, 1414 Merchants' Exch. Bldg.
Savannah, Ga.	Thomas G. Basinger
Selma, Ala.	H. L. Hooper
Shreveport, La.	D. G. Frantz, Box 257
Spartanburg, S. C.	Chas. P. Calvert
Springfield, Mo.	F. L. Maines
St. Louis, Mo.	J. H. McCarthy, Jr., 6859 Florissant Avenue
Stamford, Va.	Charles S. R. Her, Jr.
Tallahassee, Fla.	B. A. Meginniss
Talladega, Ala.	Marion H. Sims
Tampa, Fla.	J. D. Clarke
Thomaston, Ga.	Edward Jerger
Washington, D. C.	C. H. Shaffer, 931 K St., N. W.
Wilmington, N. C.	J. F. Post, Jr.
Wilmette, Ill., Del.	A. T. Davenport, Y. M. C. A. Bldg.



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Illustrator

Theta Delta Chi

(Founded at Union College, 1848.)

Charges.

Beta.....	Cornell University, 1870
Gamma Deuteron.....	University of Michigan, 1889
Delta Deuteron.....	University of California, 1900
Epsilon.....	College of William and Mary, 1853
Zeta.....	Brown University, 1853
Zeta Deuteron.....	McGill University, 1901
Eta.....	Bowdoin College, 1854
Eta Deuteron.....	Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1903
Theta Deuteron.....	Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1890
Iota.....	Harvard University, 1856
Iota Deuteron.....	Williams College, 1891
Kappa.....	Tufts College, 1856
Kappa Deuteron.....	University of Illinois, 1908
Lambda.....	Boston University, 1877
Mu Deuteron.....	Amherst College, 1885
Nu.....	University of Virginia, 1857
Nu Deuteron.....	Lehigh University, 1884
Xi.....	Hobard College, 1857
Omieron Deuteron.....	Dartmouth College, 1869
Pi Deuteron.....	College of the City of New York, 1881
Rho Deuteron.....	Columbia University, 1883
Sigma Deuteron.....	University of Wisconsin, 1895
Tau Deuteron.....	University of Minnesota, 1892
Phi.....	Lafayette College, 1867
Chi.....	University of Rochester, 1867
Chi Deuteron.....	George Washington University, 1896
Psi.....	Hamilton College, 1868



THETA DELTA CHI

Epsilon Charge of Theta Delta Chi

(Established May 12, 1853.)

Colors:—Black, White and Blue.

Flower:—Red Carnation.

Gem:—Ruby.

Yell.

Ziprick! Ziprick! Hi! Ki! Si!
Epsilon! Epsilon!
Theta Delta Chi!

Frater in Facultate.

Amos Ralph Koontz, A. B., B. S.

Fratres in Collegio.

Frank Erskin Graves

John Spotswood Graves

Cecil Conard Graves

John Hilliard Healy

Emmett Lee Hoskins Machen

Richard Perkins

Thomas Jefferson Rowe, Jr.

Charles Chapman Snow

Elmer Raymond Stump

Henry Atwill Turner

Herbert Wentworth Vaden

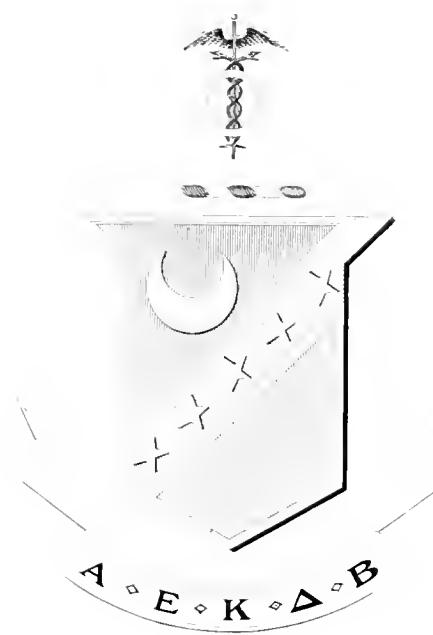
John Holpin Wright

Frater in Urbe.

Alexis Wyckoff O'Keefe

Graduate Association of Theta Delta Chi

Gamma Deuteron Association of Θ. Δ. X., 1899.
Epsilon Alumni Association, 1904.
Epsilon Deuteron, Thirty-six Club, 1903.
Zeta Alumni Association, 1898.
Zeta Deuteron Alumni Association, 1902.
Eta Chapter House Corporation, 1901.
Eta Deuteron Alumni Association, 1905.
Iota Graduate Association, 1902.
Θ. Δ. X. Association of Williams College, 1906.
Kappa Charge of the Θ. Δ. X. Fraternity Corporation, 1883.
Lambda Graduate Association, 1899.
Θ. Δ. X. Building Association, Champaign, Ill.
New York Association of Lambda Alumni.
Mu Deuteron Association of Θ. Δ. X. Society, 1890.
Nu Deuteron Alumni Association, 1908.
Xi Charge of Θ. Δ. X. Corporation, 1907.
The Omicron Survivors Association, 1908.
Omicron Deuteron Alumni Association.
Graduate Association of Pi Deuteron, 1906.
Rho Alumni Association, 1907.
Rho Deuteron Alumni Association, 1903.
Rho Deuteron Company, 1904.
Sigma Deuteron Alumni Association of Θ. Δ. X., 1903.
The Wisconsin Association of Θ. Δ. X., 1885.
Tau Deuteron Alumni Association.
Phi Alumni Association, 1904.
Chi Alumni Association.
Chi Alumni Association of New York, 1909.
Chi Deuteron Graduate Association, 1901.
Psi Alumni Association.
Graduate Club of Θ. Δ. X., New York, 1896.
New York Graduate Association, 1856.
New England Association, 1884.
Rhode Island Alumni Association of Θ. Δ. X., 1898.
Central New York Graduate Association of Θ. Δ. X., 1905.
Rochester Graduate Association of Θ. Δ. X., 1902.
Buffalo Graduate Association, 1891.
Graduate Association of Θ. Δ. X. of Western Pennsylvania, 1903.
Central Graduate Association, Chicago, 1890.
Kansas City Graduate Association of Θ. Δ. X., 1907.
Minnesota Association, 1900.
The Θ. Δ. X., Montreal, 1907.
Eastern Maine Association, 1907.
Θ. Δ. X. Corporation of Rhode Island, 1908.
The Connectient Association of Θ. Δ. X., 1908.
California Graduate Association of Θ. Δ. X., 1908.
Northwestern Graduate Association of Θ. Δ. X., Seattle, 1909.
The Boston Club of Θ. Δ. X., 1909.
Cleveland Alumni Association of Θ. Δ. X., 1909.
The Central Illinois Association of Θ. Δ. X., 1908.



Kappa Sigma

Active Chapters.

Beta.....	University of Alabama, University, Ala.
Gamma.....	Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
Delta.....	Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.
Eta.....	Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Theta.....	Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
Iota.....	Southwestern University, Georgetown, Tex.
Zeta.....	University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Kappa.....	Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Lambda.....	University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Mu.....	Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Nu.....	College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.
Xi.....	University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Pi.....	Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
Sigma.....	Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Tau.....	University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Upsilon.....	Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Phi.....	Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.
Chi.....	Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
Psi.....	University of Maine, Orono, Maine.
Omega.....	University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
Alpha Alpha.....	University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
Alpha Beta.....	Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
Alpha Gamma.....	University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.
Alpha Delta.....	Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.
Alpha Epsilon.....	University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alpha Zeta.....	University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Alpha Eta.....	George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha Kappa.....	Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Alpha Lambda.....	University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
Alpha Mu.....	University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Alpha Pi.....	Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.
Alpha Rho.....	Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.
Alpha Tau.....	Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Alpha Sigma.....	Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Alpha Upsilon.....	Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
Alpha Phi.....	Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.
Alpha Chi.....	Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill.

Alpha Psi.....	University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebr.
Alpha Omega.....	William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.
Beta Alpha.....	Brown University, Providence, R. I.
Beta Beta.....	Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Beta Gamma.....	Missouri State University, Columbus, Mo.
Beta Delta.....	Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.
Beta Epsilon.....	University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Beta Zeta.....	Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Stanford University, Cal.
Beta Eta.....	Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
Beta Theta.....	University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.
Beta Iota.....	Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Beta Kappa.....	New Hampshire College, Durham, N. H.
Beta Nu.....	Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
Beta Mu.....	University of Minneapolis, Minneapolis, Minn.
Beta Lambda.....	University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Beta Xi.....	University of California, Berkley, Cal.
Beta Omicron.....	University of Denver, University Park, Colo.
Beta Pi.....	Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.
Beta Rho.....	University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.
Beta Sigma.....	Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Beta Tau.....	Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.
Beta Upsilon.....	North Carolina Agricultural and Mech. College, Raleigh, N. C.
Beta Phi.....	Chase School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio.
Beta Chi.....	Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.
Beta Psi.....	University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.
Beta Omega.....	Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Gamma Alpha.....	University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.
Gamma Beta.....	University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
Gamma Gamma.....	Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Colo.
Gamma Delta.....	Massachusetts State College, Amherst, Mass.
Gamma Epsilon.....	Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
Gamma Zeta.....	New York University, New York, N. Y.
Gamma Eta.....	Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
Gamma Theta.....	University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho.
Gamma Iota.....	Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Gamma Kappa.....	University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
Gamma Lambda.....	Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.
Gamma Mu.....	Washington State College, Pullman, Wash.
Gamma Nu.....	Washburn College, Topeka, Kan.
Gamma Xi.....	Dennison University, Granville, O.



KAPPA SIGMA

Nu Chapter of Kappa Sigma

University of Bologna, 1400

University of Virginia, 1869

Colors:—Scarlet, White and Emerald Green.

Flower:—Lily of the Valley.

Fratres in Facultate.

President Lyon Gardiner Tyler, A. M., LL. D.

James Southall Wilson, Ph. D.

George Oscar Ferguson, Jr., A. B.

John Tyler, A. M.

Fratres in Collegio.

Thomas Henley Geddy, Jr.	John Wise Kellam
Frederick Deane Goodwin	MacMaster Payne Lloyd
Joseph Farland Hall	Levin Winder Lane III.
John Roger Hilsman	William Byrd Lee, Jr.
Robert Bruce Jackson	William Haynie Neblett
John Wallace Jackson	Walter Burton Nourse
Arthur Wilson James	Bathurst Daingerfield Peahey, Jr.
J. H. Dunn	L. W. Roberts
	Daingerfield Blair Spencer.

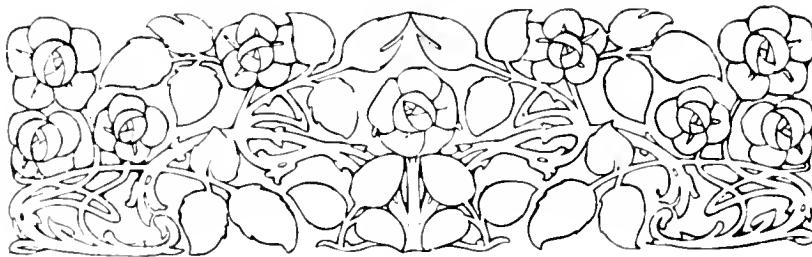
Fratres in Urbe.

Robert Edward Henley George Durfey

Alumni Chapters of Kappa Sigma

Boston, Massachusetts.
Buffalo, New York.
Ithaca, New York.
New York City, New York.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Schenectady, New York.
The Kappa Sigma Club of New York, N. Y.
Danville, Virginia.
Lynchburg, Virginia.
Newport News, Virginia.
Norfolk, Virginia.
Richmond, Virginia.
Washington, D. C.
Concord, North Carolina.
Durham, North Carolina.
Kingston, North Carolina.
Wilmington, North Carolina.
Atlanta, Georgia.
Birmingham, Alabama.
Mobile, Alabama.
Montgomery, Alabama.
Savannah, Georgia.
Chattanooga, Tennessee.
Covington, Tennessee.
Jackson, Tennessee.
Memphis, Tennessee.
Nashville, Tennessee.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Columbus, Ohio.
Louisville, Kentucky.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
Chicago, Illinois.
Danville, Illinois.
Indianapolis, Indiana.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Kansas City, Missouri.
Little Rock, Arkansas.
Pine Bluff, Arkansas.
St. Louis, Missouri.
Jackson, Mississippi.
New Orleans, Louisiana.
Ruston, Louisiana.
Texas, Arkansas.
Vicksburg, Mississippi.
Waco, Texas.
Yazoo City, Mississippi.
Denver, Colorado.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
San Francisco, California.
Portland, Oregon.
Seattle, Washington.





Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

Founders.

Carter G. Jenkins.....	Goldsboro, N. C.
Benj. P. Gaw.....	Stuarts Draft, Va.
W. Hugh Carter.....	Chase City, Va.
William G. Wallace.....	Stuarts Draft, Va.
Thomas T. Wright.....	Ruther Glen, Virginia
William L. Philipps.....	Newark, New Jersey

Active Chapters.

Virginia Alpha.....	Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
West Virginia Beta.....	West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va.
Pennsylvania Beta.....	Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pennsylvania Gamma.....	Western University of Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Pa.
Pennsylvania Delta.....	University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Illinois Alpha.....	Med. Dept. University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.
Colorado Alpha.....	University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.
Virginia Delta.....	College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.
N. Carolina Beta.....	N. Carolina College of Agric. and Mech. Arts, Raleigh, N. C.
Indiana Alpha.....	Purdue University, W. Lafayette, Indiana.
New York Alpha.....	Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Virginia Epsilon.....	Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Virginia Zeta.....	Randolph Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Georgia Alpha.....	Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Delaware Alpha.....	Delaware State College, Newark, Del.
Virginia Eta.....	University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Arkansas Alpha.....	University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Pennsylvania Epsilon.....	Lehigh University, So. Bethlehem, Pa.
Virginia Theta.....	Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.
Ohio Gamma.....	Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Vermont Alpha.....	Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.
Alabama Alpha.....	Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
North Carolina Gamma.....	Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
New Hampshire Alpha.....	Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
District of Columbia Alpha.....	Geo. Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Kansas Alpha.....	Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.
California Alpha.....	University of California, Berkeley, Cal.



SIGMA PHI EPSILON

Virginia Delta Chapter of Sigma Phi Epsilon

Colors:—Scarlet and Purple.

Flowers:—Red Roses and Violets.

Fratres in Collegio.

George Prince Arnold	Raymond Taylor Gilliam
Herbert Hatchett Blackwell	Milton Arlington Fentress
Richard Bertram Blackwell	George Larkin
James David Clements	Joseph William George Stephens
Joseph Bronson Gale	Leonard Burford Rocke
	Paul Arlington Wilson

Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

Alumni Chapters.

Alpha	Richmond, Virginia
Beta	Norfolk, Virginia
Gamma	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Delta	Chicago, Illinois
Epsilon	New York City, New York
Eta	Washington, D. C.
Theta	San Francisco, California
Zeta	Atlanta, Georgia
Pi	Springfield, Ohio
Kappa	Syracuse, New York

Secret Societies



KX

The Honorary Pan-Collegiate Society of Kappa Chi

An honorary, pan-collegiate society, selecting for its members representative men from the different fraternities and from the non-fraternity men.



KAPPA CHI

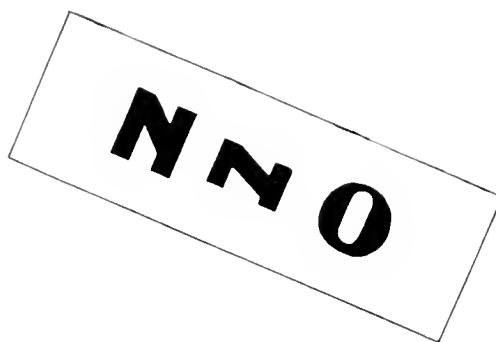
Kappa Chi

Colors:—Crimson and White.

Flower:—Red Carnation.

Members.

Arthur Read Christie
James David Clements
Reginald Francis Cox
Alan Frederick English
Paul Adie Ford
Leslie James Gilliland
Walter Lee Hopkins
John Roger Hilsman
William Leroy Parker
Earl Baldwin Thomas



N. N. O. Members.

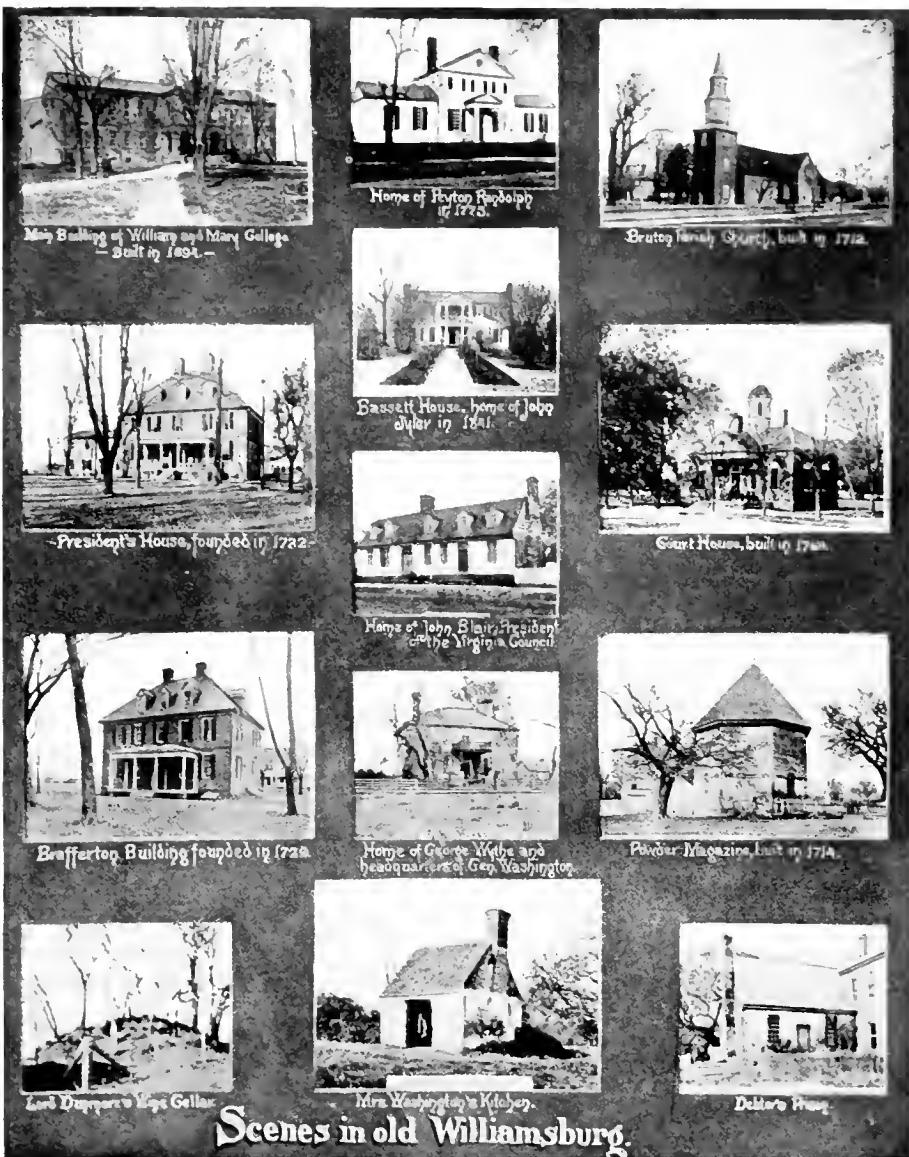
E. P. Farthing	B. D. Peachy, Jr.
E. R. Willeox	W. E. Dold
C. A. Willeox	W. K. Doty
T. B. Barrow	R. C. Deal
R. B. Jackson	T. H. Geddy, Jr.
J. W. Jackson	M. P. Lloyd

Honorary Members.

C. Hall, B. A., LL. B.	R. E. Henley, B. A., LL. B.
------------------------	-----------------------------

Echo Election

Most eloquent speaker.....	Thomas	Agee	Vaden
Most popular man.....	Wilcox, E. R.	Graves, F. E.	Schenck
Most intellectual man.....	English	Trimble	Fletcher
Best business man.....	Fletcher	Hopkins	Trimble
Best all 'round college man....	Graves, F. E.	Jackson, R. B.	Schenck
Best football player.....	Marrow	Spencer	Barr
Holliest man	Echols	Wilcox, E. R.	Dodd
Ideal Professor	Wilson	Montgomery	Stubbs
Best poet	English	Howe	Thomas
Best prose writer.....	Thomas	English	Hall
Most eccentric man.....	Bloxton	Arnold	Howe
Best political boss.....	Hopkins	Jackson, R. B.	Lee
Most refined man.....	Goodwin	Stump	Arnold
Awkwardest man	Somers, W. E.	Self	Presson
Biggest calico sport.....	Starnell	Wilcox, C. A.	Wright, E.
Misogynist	Bloxton	Howe	Trimble
The Grind	Snow	Bagley	Hamlin
The greenest man.....	Blackwell, R. B.	Echols	Somers, V. L.
Biggest tobacco bum.....	Mears	Schenck	Fentress
Biggest loafer	Davis	J. Jackson	Lee
Busiest man	Agee	Bloxton	Fletcher
Perfect lady	Holler	Stump	Unger
It	Getzoff	Schenck	Robertson
Most reliable man.....	Agee	Trimble	Bloxton



As A Woman Loves

HE busy hum of conversation that arose from adjoining tables somehow oppressed Marion Duvall, sitting there alone in the big restaurant and idly toying with the menu card. As Marie Devon, leading lady in a successful current play, she was a reigning beauty; even now, devoid of the fascination of the stage, she presented a charming picture. Her gaze took in aimlessly a man approaching her table; it was not until he spoke her name that she recognized Allan Hamilton.

"Allan" she exclaimed, half rising and clasping his outstretched hand. "You! What a surprise!"

The man sunk into a chair opposite her.

"I was just entering when I noticed you," he replied. "I came in on the 'Kronprinzenn' yesterday morning. To find you so soon and here, of all places! How you have changed! Ten years since we last saw each other, isn't it? Ten years," he continued, reminiscently, leaning across the table and gazing intently at her. "You are looking better than ever, Marion. What on earth have you been doing all this time?"

The other flushed with pleasure and then almost instantly recalled, with a wince of pain, the struggles and final triumph of the past ten years. Her thoughts went back before that to a time prior to his departure, when she was working in a great downtown office and he had just been graduated from college. He had loved her, loved her with the mad, impetuous love of youth and she had returned his affections. In the face of disinheritance and disownment by his outraged family, he would have married her. But she had gently told him that it could not be so, for the wiser woman, in her great love, and thinking only of the man's advancement, knew that such a course by his family meant, at such a critical time, failure in his chosen career. They had parted, he to Paris to study painting, she to plod daily to her monotonous work. She had heard, from time to time, in the last three years, of his success abroad; she was certain, now, as she smiled joyfully into his clean, manly face, that he knew nothing of her success.

"Me?" she queried. "Ah, let that wait. Tell me of yourself first."

"There is little to tell," he answered. "Of course you have heard of my good luck in Paris?" He glanced up, his voice still holding something of that boyish assuredness which he had been wont to display. The woman nodded.

"Yes, I have heard and been glad of it."

"I came over because my mother wished me to; she wants me to marry before I go back to my studies. Marie Gates:—you remember her?"

Again the woman nodded, while something seemed to stab her heart; a pang of jealousy and a sense of some impending loss.

"It's one of the few things she has ever asked me to do. She's my mother you know, Marion, after all," he said, half apologetically. "She's all that's left now, since Dad died last year. Besides, I can't afford to be cut off. I need the money, to study, to learn, to paint." He closed and unclosed his fingers nervously. "It's my ambition, my ambition!"

"Yes," she said quietly. "Your ambition."

The man looked at her; a sense of his own great selfishness spread over him and burned into his brain.

"My God! Forgive me, Marion! I was thinking only of myself. I forgot. It isn't too late, is it Marion, for us to begin?"

She paused for a moment before she answered. She was not thinking of his selfishness, her greater love still thought only of the fulfillment of the man's ambition. It was best, she knew, both for him and the rankling pride within herself, that she should never marry him. She must disillusion him; surely she, a finished actress, could accomplish that.

"Oh, drop that," she laughed languidly. "I'd forgotten all about it. Marriage has ceased to be such a novelty."

"A novelty!" Hamilton exclaimed. "Forgotten?"

"Of course, of course. You don't think I have time for such foolishness, do you?"

"Why what on earth do you mean?" he exclaimed, his brow furrowing.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," she responded airily. "Only let's cut out the baby talk. I'm a little wiser now, you know."

"Marion," Hamilton said, "Explain yourself. What has come over you?"

"Oh nothing," she laughed, leering at him in a manner that he had come to associate with the women of the Paris cafes. "Don't I look all right? Don't I seem well fed and well dressed? What's that they say about 'a mess of pottage'?"

"Great God!" he ejaculated, staring at her. "Do you mean—"

"Oh, take it easy," she yawned, leaning back in her chair and smiling at him. "I had to live, you know."

Without another word, Hamilton arose, flung his chair to one side and passed out into the street.

Marion remained seated; two great tears filled her wide opened eyes and rolled down her crimsoned cheeks.

"And he believed it," she sobbed, quietly. "Ah, Father in Heaven, he believed it."

* * * * *

Hamilton paused on the curb to call a taxiab; his mind was too full of the sudden shock of discovery to think of anything.

As he sat down upon the cushioned seats he buried his face in his hands and sobbed in broken, man-like sobs.

"You are to blame! You are to blame!" he railed against himself, "Marion, my Marion, a woman of the streets!"

He caught himself abruptly, startled by the very mention of evil in connection with her name. He raised his head and looked out upon the moving crowds as the taxi threaded its slow path up Broadway. Myriads of electric lights were beginning to twinkle from every building, the excitement of the coming night, with its usual and yet strange round of gaieties, seemed to permeate all. Men arrayed in evening dress commenced to appear, gorgeously gowned women leaned closer on the arms of their escorts, among them ran the newsies' disposing of their latest editions. Hamilton marvelled at the sight and sighed as he thought of the thin veneer it furnished to our subtler natures.

"And so you got her, too!" he said bitterly to the unhearing maze of pleasure seekers. "Even her, the pure, the spotless."

The taxi turned a corner and stopped in front of the white marble palace of the *Café de l'Opéra*, where he had an appointment to meet a friend. The latter had already had a table reserved for himself and Hamilton, and rose to greet him.

Hamilton had no appetite for anything and his listless manner became tiresome.

"Cheer up," his companion said. "I've secured a couple of seats for a box at the *Hudson*, tomorrow night. Fitzhugh's great success, "As A Woman Loves," is playing there. You've heard of *Marie Devon*?"

"Of course," Hamilton answered. "They say she's mighty fine."

"Right you are. And the straightest, best woman that ever played to a New York audience. Her acting's so natural, and she's just chock-full of talent. You'll go, won't you?"

"Yes, willingly. Well, tomorrow night then, in the *Hudson* lobby," Hamilton rose, said "Good bye" and departed.

At eight o'clock the following evening he walked into the marble walled lobby of the *Hudson* Theatre and met his friend Page.

When the curtain rose and *Marie Devon* appeared as *Marjorie Berton*, Hamilton gave a gasp of astonishment. Surely,—No, it could not be Marion! What a resemblance! But when she spoke he recognized her. He sank quickly back into the shadows of the box and gazed at her, astonishment holding him mute. He continued to stare, but if she were conscious of his presence, she gave no evidence of it.

The secret of *Marie Devon*'s success, all great dramatic critics have

The 1911 Colonial Echo

agreed, lay in her total absorption in her part, in her disregard of the audience.

The first two acts were over, the third and final act was in progress before Hamilton had recovered from his surprise and ceased trying to connect past events so as to reconcile them with the present. Intensely interested, he leaned his elbows upon the enclosing rail and sat motionless. He recalled Page's words, 'The straightest and best woman that ever played to a New York audience,' and he marvelled at her conduct in the restaurant.

When they came to that famous concluding scene wherein Marjorie Berton displays her love for Captain Byrne, whether or not she saw Hamilton bending over the rail and staring fixedly towards her, is uncertain, but certain it is that she was looking at him as she raised her tear bedimmed eyes and said quietly,—"As a woman loves? As a woman loves? Ah, my friend, a man has his other ambitions, his business interests, his schemes; but to a woman, a true woman, after all, love is the one and only thing she finds worth striving for."

The curtain fell, gradually the applause died down and the audience filed out.

Hamilton handed to an usher a message he had hastily scribbled.

"Here," he said, slipping a bill into the boy's hand. "Take this note to Miss Devon. I will wait here."

"Well," laughed Page. "You're kind of rushing things, aren't you? It won't be any use though, old man. She'll never answer it."

"She's a personal friend of mine," replied Hamilton, reddening.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!"

The usher soon returned with a reply. Hamilton unfolded it and read:

"You may come now if you wish. The boy will bring you back.

Marion."

"Page" he said. "If you'll excuse me, I'll leave you now. A thousand thanks for your kindness. I've enjoyed the play very much."

"Don't mention it. Gee, but you're a lucky dog," he jokingly growled, as he went out.

Hamilton followed his guide behind the scene to a door to which the latter pointed.

"Right in there."

"Come in," a voice called out, in response to his knock, and Hamilton entered.

Before him Marion stood smiling. She had hastily thrown on a wrap of some filmy, rose colored fabric, her beautiful black hair fell down in one long lustrous braid, and the charming simplicity of her costume made her seem more bewitching than ever.

"Marion," Hamilton exclaimed, "I don't know what this means:—the

stage, the play and all this, but I hope you will forget that for a moment I ever dreamed of believing you were as you represented yourself yesterday. Tell me, why did you do it?"

The color rose and fled in her cheeks, as she leaned against the dressing table and looked straight at him.

"Allan" she said, "Ten years ago I told you why we could never marry. Certainly you know it was not because I did not love you. How can you ask why I took such a course? How can you ask?"

"I know! I know!" he cried out, huskily. "God only knows how you could have ever come to love such a selfish brute as I have been. But can't you let me make amends?"

He started forward and caught her in his arms. She could not have repulsed him if she should have desired to. The surging blood spread into her cheeks again as she turned her head slightly away. A sob choked her as she spoke.

"No, Allan, I can not. I know what it would mean. Your family, your mother, money,"—she paused.

He had seen her in such a time once before; he swore that he would not now take such a course as he had taken then.

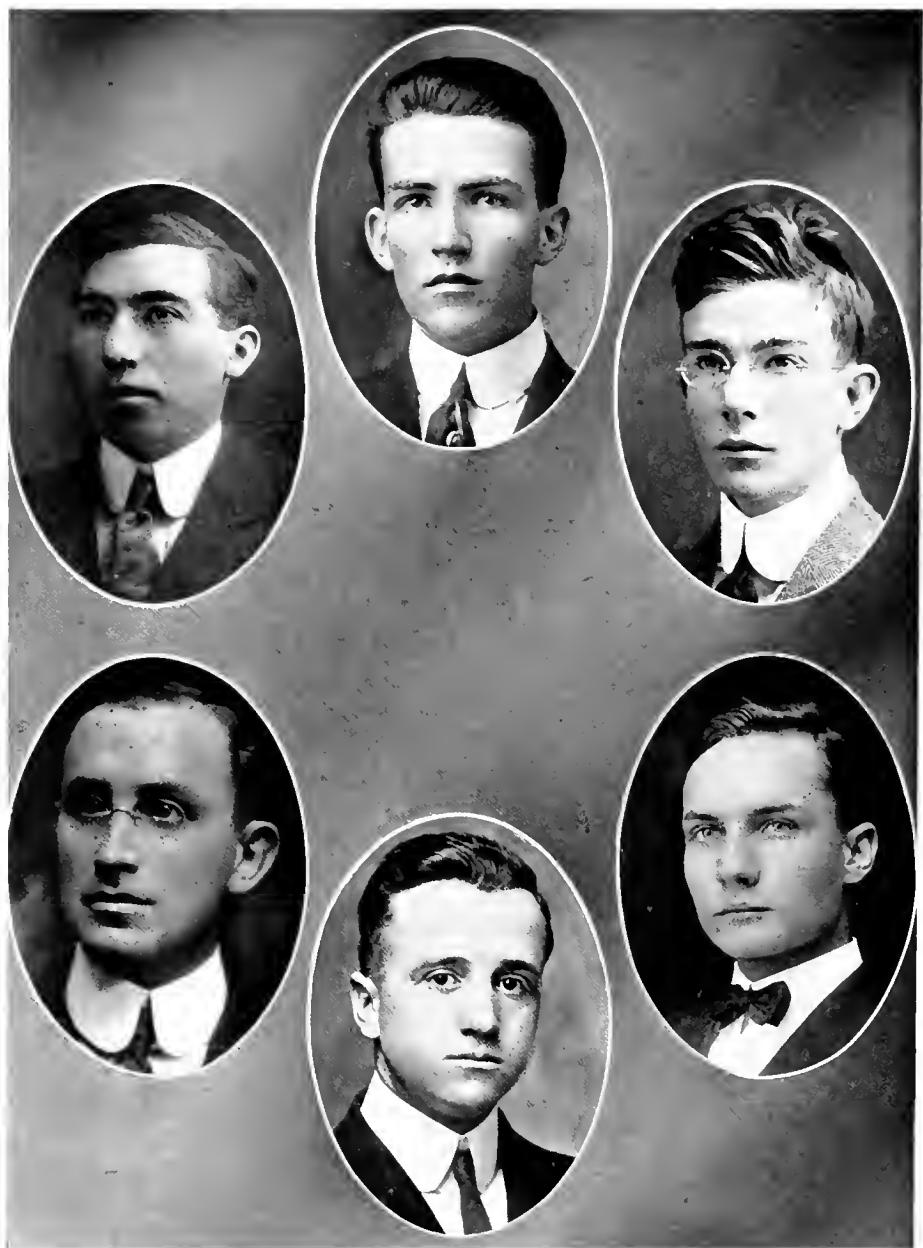
"Oh let them be, Marion! I don't want them any more! I want you, you, you!" he cried, fiercely, kissing her again and again. "Don't let's spoil both of our lives forever. Don't you remember what you said tonight in the play: 'To a true woman love is the one thing she finds worth striving for?' Marion, dearest, you are going to marry me, aren't you?"

For a moment she remained silent, her form shaken by sobs, then the woman within emerged triumphant. She raised her head and looked up at him with a dancing, joyous light within her beautiful dark eyes.

"Yes, dear," she sobbed quietly, "Yes, dear, I am going to marry you."

Earl Baldwin Thomas.





Y. M. C. A.

Officers from February, 1911.

George P. Arnold, President
T. W. Bennett, Vice-President
H. W. Vaden, Secretary
J. R. McAllister, Treasurer

C. G. Mears, Chairman Bible Committee
A. W. James, Chairman Mission Committee
F. B. Wilkinson, Chairman Membership Committee
C. G. Richardson, Chairman Delegation Committee
Oscar Deel, Chairman Hall Committee
J. F. Barnes, Chairman Music Committee

Officers of the William and Mary Branch of the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association.

F. B. Wilkinson, President
Oscar Deel, Vice-President
C. G. Mears, Secretary
A. W. James, Treasurer

Y. M. C. A. Notes

The history of the Y. M. C. A. at William and Mary has been written and told so often that a repetition of its growth from its infancy to its present flourishing condition would probably prove tedious to most of our readers. But the story of the work it is accomplishing, like the principles for which it stands, never grows old, and proves an inspiration to the men each succeeding year to push forward this work of spreading Christ's Kingdom among young men.

The number of members this year has been encouragingly large. Out of two hundred and twenty-five students, one hundred and thirty-five are enrolled as members of the Y. M. C. A., and we believe that never before have the meetings been so well attended as this year. During the course of lectures now being given by Dr. Wilson, the capacity of the hall is taxed every night to its utmost capacity.

The Y. M. C. A. started this year by holding its Annual Reception on Tuesday, September 18th. Mr. W. B. Lee presided, and in an able speech presented an outline of the work for the year. Addresses were also made by Dr. Bishop of the faculty, the ministers of the town, and others, after which refreshments were served. By means of these receptions, the Y. M. C. A. presents its claims to the new students, and a greatly increased membership is always the result.

Twice this year, once in October and once in February, we have had the pleasure of having Mr. M. W. Lee, state student secretary, with us. To his inspiration and advice, more than to any other one cause, is the success of the Y. M. C. A. due this year. He stayed almost a week during his last visit, saw many of the men personally, and by his encouragement and advice put new life into the Association. He even suggested that the time was not far distant when William and Mary might have a secretary of her own to give his entire time to the work. At the time of his first visit, he asked the Association to raise two hundred dollars for the Blue Ridge Association Fund, and when he came in February, this money was ready for him.

At the Virginia Student Convention held in Richmond during the fall, William and Mary was represented by a delegation composed of Messrs. Thoms, Cox, S. W. Slater, McGuffin, Echols, Somers, W. E., Starnell, Salmon, and Stanley. We have hopes of sending equally as large a delegation to the State Convention, to be held this spring in Charlottesville.

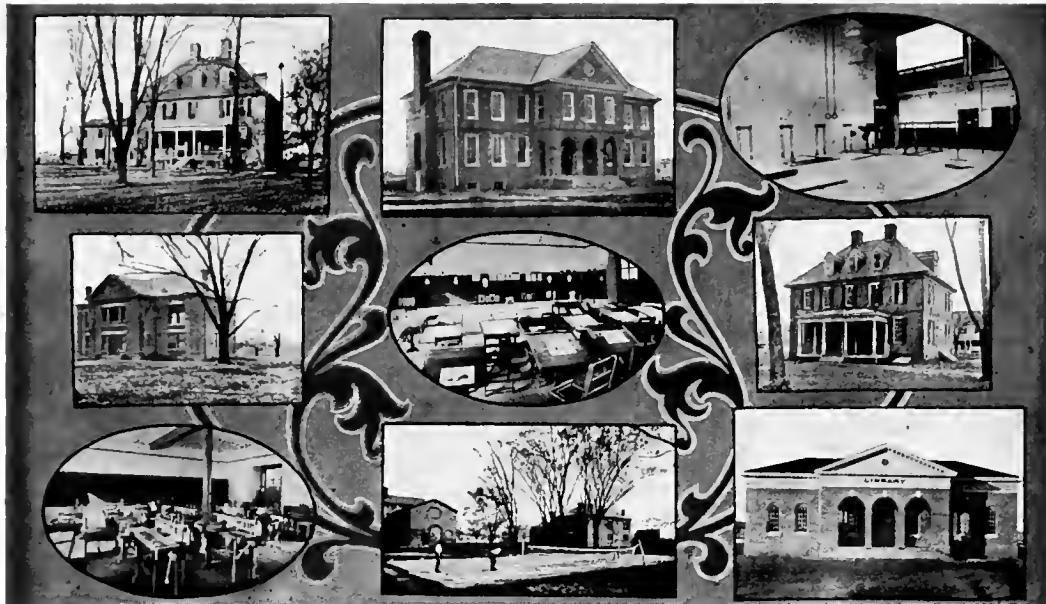
At the beginning of the second term of the year, a new Cabinet was elected, capable men being placed at the head of all the departments. Especially does the work in two of these departments call for notice. In the first place, there was a thorough reorganization of the Bible Classes. Under the

leadership of Mr. Mears, Bible Classes with competent leaders have been placed on all the floors of the dormitories, and in the fraternity houses and boarding houses where the number of students justifies it. Every other Tuesday night, after the regular meetings of the Y. M. C. A., the leaders are addressed by some member of the Faculty, and the work that is to be presented to the classes is gone over and explained. There is no department of the Association work that is so full of opportunity and promise as the study of the Bible. The boys are not asked to come to the Association Hall; the leaders are sent out to them, to meet them in their rooms, and it is the aim of this department to bring every student in College into one of these classes, and to give to them the opportunity of studying the Bible.

One of the most prominent features of the Association work this year is the course of lectures that Dr. Wilson is delivering on "The Negro Problem in the South." It was acting on a suggestion of Mr. M. W. Lee that the Mission Study Department arranged for these lectures, and surely no course could be offered more interesting or instructive than this one on such an important subject. The course is given in a series of six lectures, and follows the general outline for such a course given in Dr. Weatherford's book on this subject. In those lectures that have already been given, the students have shown to a most encouraging degree both their interest in the course and their appreciation of having such a man as Dr. Wilson deliver these lectures.

During the past winter there was organized at William and Mary a branch of the "Intercollegiate Prohibition Association." While this is, strictly speaking, not a branch of the Y. M. C. A., still its aim, general outline, and personnel are so closely identified with the Association, that mention of it is not out of place here. The following men were elected officers of the organization: President, Mr. F. B. Wilkinson; Vice-President, Mr. Oscar Deal; Secretary, Mr. Mears, and Treasurer, Mr. James. It is the hope of this Association to send a man to take part in the Oratorical Contest on some prohibition subject, to be held this spring at Emory and Henry College.

Thus the work of the Y. M. C. A. goes on from year to year. There is no other branch of college life so full of possibilities, and also responsibilities. And these responsibilities are beginning to be more fully recognized by the college man, as he realizes his duty to his fellow-student in leading him to a more perfect knowledge of the ideal man.



The Weaver

The stars came up, and in their splendor lit
The darkened clouds that had obscured my view.
They woke the night; where there had been but gloom
A joyous shuttle raced the midnight loom;
Then knew I that the dark threads were not true.

So called I to the skies once more to learn
How I might win again that purest love.
Behold! A star of beauty rare there came
Beside the loom: crying aloud my name
She taught me more than all the stars above.

Earl Baldwin Thomas.

S T U D E N T S' S C H E D U L E

Name.	Chief Characteristic.	Motto.	Wants to be	Will likely be
Starnell	Tobacco "Bumming"	Give me a cigarette	A great divine	Fashion plate
Schenck	Oiliness	How are you, old scout?	A great athlete	Soft soap manufacturer
Fletcher	Red hair	Give me what I make	Misogynist	Married
Hopkins	"Politicking"	Let me show you something	Senator	Williamsburg policeman
Robertson	Slick hair	Ain't I cute, I'm only six	A devil	Spanked
Stump	Slowness	Give me some coco-cola ???	Everything	Stung
Neale, T. S.	Porcupine hair	Nobody loves me	A senior	A ground hog
Graves, F. E.	Collecting	Give me the cash	An angel	A revenue collector
Doty	Sleeping late	Where is my Virginia "ocean?"	A lawyer	A loafer
Howe	Nose	A beautiful thought	A music teacher	A home for old women
Dodd	A drawing card	Chemistry is my hope	Cute	A runt
Fentress	Loating	Please go away and let me sleep	Chemistry shark	A hobo
Agree	His voice	While I live I rate	Speaker of the house	Patent Medicine barker
Arnold	Cutting Staff meeting	Hello, Ruffin	A school ma'am	Asst. rector
Bloxton	Age	I'm busy now	Married	Buried
Unger	Chewing tobacco	Give me a chaw	A tough	Chicken raiser
Barr	Form	You see	A student	A dyspeptic
Hamilton	Star fixing	Sit down, ground-hog	Lawyer	Moonshiner
Joe Hall	Blushes	O, go away girls	Left alone	Shocked
E. R. Willeox	Flirting	When may I call again?	Loved	Jilted
Behols	Beauty	Is my hat on straight?	Admired	A bachelor
Dr. Wilson	Walk	Never too late to mend	Archeologist	A ---- what?
Bish Lee	Parabolic legs	Don't worry	Y. M. C. A. Secretary	Pres. of Trap League
Self	Talking	Listen to me a minute	Debater	Hot air furnace

A College Education

The Chafing Dish Fiend and the Lover of Eats,
The Athletic Crank and the Fusser, their seats
Propped back 'gainst the wall, were discussing the things
That into our lives Alma Mater oft brings.
"The thing that gets me," said the Chafing Dish Fiend,
As over his meerschaum he carefully leaned,
"Is how, when the rarebit is done to a turn,
You fellows will rise and my chafing dish spmnr
For your gym, your pies and your doll-baby girls,
And rave over football and pie crust and curls."
Said the Lover of Eats, "Why take the trouble
To cook all your food at prices just double?
For half of a dime at the Elite Buffet
Some pie you can get that is simply parfait.
Away with your chafing dish, girls and track teams,—
A fat, juicy beefsteak's my rarest of dreams."
The Athletic Crank tilted backward and grinned:
"In you, sir, the flesh has most grievously sinned.
Objections sustained in case of the Fusser,
Also the rare-bit, which is, indeed, wusser,—
But when you attack the keen pleasures of sport,
It becomes my duty to ent you off short.
You may eat, if you will, your pieces of pie,
But that will ne'er help you to jump six feet high!"
The Fusser, amused, then joined in with the rest:
"Allow me to demonstrate what is the Best.
What joy equals dancing upon a smooth floor?
Or kissing the lips of the girl you adore?
Of calling each night on a different queen,
And telling each one she's the cutest e'er seen?"
Then they all laughed at each other and agreed
That to teach one just how to cook and feed,
How to flirt superbly and to twirl a ball,
A good College Education beat them all.

T.

THE COLLEGE QUARTET



F. M. Crawford,
2nd Bass.



G. P. Arnold,
2nd Tenor



E. Wright,
Bass



M. A. Fentress
1st Tenor



Lost—Wants—Resolutions

Lost—Much time in eating.....C. A. Willecox
Wanted—More time to talk....."Benny" Getzoff
Lost—The point of my last joke.....Peachy
Lost—A nickel on a royal straight....."Dippy" Rowe
Lost—My Virginia oxcent....."Kavy" Doty
Wanted—A new shade of nose dressing.....Archie Howe
Wanted—A veil to preserve my complexion.....Theo. Barrow
Wanted—Some sticking plaster.....Bryan
Wanted—A shirt to match the only one I have.....Galt
Lost—One bottle of beauty cream.....Echols
Resolved—That I will not drink pop nohow.....G. T. Ellis
Lost—One bag of tobacco that I bought September 15th.....Fentress
Resolved—That I won't buy any more until I find the one I lost.....Fentress
Resolved—That I will smile when the millenium is reached.....Fletcher
Wanted—A gun to kill poets, philosophers, etc.....P. A. Ford
Lost—Two handsome full fledged, rosy red blushes in Norfolk.....J. F. Hall
Wanted—The world, with all modern conveniences.....Hopkins
Wanted—Directions how to run an automobile.....E. C. Jones
Wanted—Something to disturb my self-complacency.....Koontz
Wanted—A bowie knife, and I will be complete.....Lane
Resolved—That danger sits behind the monument.....W. B. Lee
Resolved—That the floor tilted.....Larkin
Lost—My hold on William and Mary.....Parsons
Resolved—That I am like unto the sour side of a half baked apple...Prillaman
Lost—My lady-like bearing.....Robertson
Resolved—That it was all a **feint**.....Starnell
Lost—Don't know, but he is looking for it.....Stump
Wanted—A tree that will grow plugs of tobacco.....Unger
Wanted—One appetite smaller than the one I already have.....C. A. Willecox



W. B. Lee, Jr.	President
G. M. Davis	Vice-President
A. Gordon	Secretary
Jno. Jackson	Treasurer
Mae Lloyd	Historian
R. C. Deal	Prophet
Theo. Barrow	Poet

Members.

T. C. Tilley	A. B. Bryan
T. S. Neale	G. Larkin
C. B. Starnell	L. W. Roberts
Geo. Schenck	J. A. Meriwether
H. W. Brinkley	R. L. Unger
E. C. Jones	F. C. Walton
D. H. Carmines	C. A. Willecox
E. L. Machen	P. A. Wilson
L. B. Rocke	F. M. Bristow
W. K. Doty	L. W. Lane III
G. T. Ellis	R. F. Cox
E. P. Farthing	C. G. Mears
M. A. Fentress	D. B. Spencer
R. T. Gilliam	



LAKE MATOACA

Ventus

Oh, soft spring zephyr, perfume-laden,
Stirring the wings of Morning,
With low, sweet voices singing,
Teach me thy song; I fain would know its burden.
"I sing of Youth, of Joy, of Hope eternal,
Of Truths unseen, yet felt, of things supernal."

Thou summer wind, warm, southern-springing,
Kissing the nodding clover,
Soft-strong, true-tender lover,
Thy riddle read me, let me learn its meaning.
"Mine is a Song of Songs, of Love immortal,
Of hearts united, Heav'n's unclosing portal."

And thou, bold breeze, who, wanton-wanded,
Meadow and mountain gildest,
With colors brightest, mildest,
Sing me thy secret, oh, thou Magic-Handed.
"The mighty brush of Beauty's lords I guided,
To Raphael rare my artist touch confided."

A stranger voice than these is crying:
Choirs seraphic singing,
Glad words of joy are winging
Abroad, and mingling with the wild wind's sighing.
"Beneath my restless wrath a great love lieth,
For Life in Death is come, and Death defieth."

Alan Fred English.

Extracts From Some Dairies

I.

(Extract from the Diary of Professor Triangle. Concerning Bates, March 12th, 1909.)

*** * * Poor Bates. He flunked ignominiously again today. I have done everything to assist him, and put him on the right track. He came with letters from old friends of mine. They said he was diligent, conscientious and earnest in his work. I do not find him so. He must be drinking, or else he is in love with Miss Fluffy Bangs. That Fluffy,—if I had my way I would transport her to Cebu. She is responsible for the loss of eight Bachelors of Arts in as many years. Some day she will be called upon to answer for them, and she will not have anything to show in return save some old Huyler boxes and a few coupons calling for seats just back of the orchestra. Too bad. Bates will not study. He means well, but there is something lacking. I shall write to his father and tell him that he had better take Bates home and stand him behind a plow, and give the command, "Forward march."

II.

(Extract from the Diary of Professor Triangle. Concerning Jones, March 13th, 1909.)

*** * * * I have enjoyed the day. The recitations were all good. Jones is a great favorite of mine. It is a rare thing that he fails. He ought to lead the class by all means. How he sticks to his books and comes up when called on to recite! He has bright eyes, a clear head, and more ambition than Napoleon. He demonstrated the Umpty-second problem of Euclid today in a manner that would have done credit to Euclid himself. You just cannot trip him. I am told that he is getting along nicely in his other classes. I like to assist such a boy. One feels that his work is not in vain. What a contrast between Jones and Bates. I am very sure that no girl down town has as yet succeeded in turning Jones' head. I believe they have an organization down there known as the "Headtwisters." Deliver Jones from the "twisters."

III.

(Extract from the Diary of Bates. Concerning Bates, March 12th, 1909.)

*** * * * Was ever mortal in such a pickle? I work hard and flunk. From morning until night I attend lectures and flunk, and from night until morning I study in order to be ready to flunk again in the morning. For three

hours last night I boned my Math., and out of thirty-six problems failed to get up only two. I was sent to the board on one of these and failed. I was prepared on thirty-four. It is discouraging. I try to do my duty; I have not been calling since I have been here, for fear that it might get out that I am neglecting my work. I don't know a single girl in town by the color of her hair. I hear so much about Miss Bangs; I have never seen her. For exercise I walk to the "Pond." Once I went as far as "Hickory Mill," but that was on a half holiday. Father wants to know what the trouble is. I cannot tell. The fates are against me. I shall keep on, however, and try to make a few tickets at least. I did not go home Christmas because I did not think I could spare the time.

"Sine labore magno vita nihil mortalibus dat."

IV.

(Extract from the Diary of Jones. Concerning Jones, March 13th, 1909.)

*** * * * I am the luckiest dog alive. Last night I was down town until half past eleven, or words to that effect, and on my return, picked up my old Geometry and worked up two problems, trusting to luck to get sent to the board on one of them. I did the very thing, and curled all over the room. Old Triangle smiled upon me. I have got him going. I believe that I could bluff him into giving me the first Math. Medal, if it was not for the examinations. But the end will come; I don't even intend to try them. I couldn't make two per cent. I haven't missed a night down town for fourteen nights, and I am hooked for about fourteen more. My last report will sustain me until the middle of April. I am getting to be a great authority on Chemistry. I have no idea where my Chemistry is, but I never fail. There's old Bates, my roommate; he bones all day and all night; and gets rannim for slackness twenty times a week. Bates is a good fellow, but he isn't lucky. Bates reads my French to me and writes my Latin Exercises. He'll be President some day, if he doesn't let some other fellow take it away from him. I must write a note to Fluffy.

"Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

Nat Prune.

Good Night

Among the western hills and distant woodlands
The shadows deepen as the darkness falls:
Across the sea the silver moon is shining,
Soft to his sleepy mate the mock-bird calls—
And o'er the weary world till waking light
Sleep reigns, and tired Nature breathes "Good night."

"Good night," kind friends, the gentle words are saying,
The tired children at their mother's knee
Murmur them on their way to happy Dreamland,
And parting lovers breathe them tenderly,
But no eyes look in mine with love alight:
Alone am I—none wish me a "good night."
But, though alone tonight, I am not lonely;
Despite the weary wastes that intervene,
I seem to hear my little sweetheart whisper
Across the long, long leagues that lie between:
"Distance but hides us from each other's sight;
I still am true to thee, my own—good night."

Good night, dear heart, the warm south wind is blowing
Toward thee across the silent, moonlit sea;
And in its keeping I will place the message
I would that I might whisper unto thee:
Though far away, my love for thee tonight
Is strong in perfect trust; sweetheart, good night!
Once more, good night!





Jokes and Grinds

Dr. Hall (in Anglo-Saxon):—"Mr. Geddy, did you ever hear of Venerable Bede before?"

Geddy:—"Yes, sir; he was the same as Adam Bede."

Prof. Tyler:—"Why do all photographers use a tripod?"

Mr. Barr:—"Prof. don't they use a four legged tripod sometimes?"

Fair Maid of Williamsburg:—"Mr. Willeox (Teddy), are you sure you have never kissed a girl?"

Teddy:—"Well, er, no, I never did."

F. M. of W.:—"Then don't come around me. I'm not running a preparatory school."

Bish Lee (leaving College):—"Bloxton, you will think of me sometimes, won't you?"

Bloxton:—"You will always be **green** in my memory."

Jones:—"Howe, is Stump a Methodist or an Episcopalian?"

Howe:—"Neither one; he's a 'dom' Pennsylvanian."

Dr. Garrett:—"Mr. Blitzer, how was iron discovered?"

Blitzer:—"I believe somebody smelt it."

John Tyler:—"Father, don't you want to see the comet?"

Dr. Tyler (absent mindedely):—"Yes, bring it in here and put it on the file. I'll look at it in a minute."

This space is reserved for the usual joke on
John Tyler's feet.

Watch this page next year!

Christie:—"Hopkins' trousers got a divorce from his suspenders."

Cox:—"What for?"

Christie:—"Non support, of course."

Brinkley:—"You haven't seen anything. Why I've seen the obelisk in Central Park."

Gardiner Ellis:—"Huh, that's nothing. I've seen 'em feed it."

Dr. Keeble was discussing the great appliances of steam and electricity. "Why," said he, "what would our grandfathers say if they were told that a man went to sleep in Boston and woke up in Philadelphia?"

Mr. Dold (of New York):—"They would want to know what woke him up."

Prof. Bloxton (in prep. English):—"An abstract noun is the name of a thing that can be thought of but cannot be touched. Now give me an example, Mr. Shiers."

Shiers:—"Red hot poker, sir."

Mr. Agee had just finished his oration. Turning to Thomas he said, "Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement."

Thomas:—"That's all right. We aren't blaming you. You did the best you could."

Doty (calling down town):—"Miss ——, I am in favor of the English way of spelling."

Miss ——:—"Yes?"

Doty:—"Yes, indeed. Take parlour for instance. Having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world."

James:—"Let me see-er. Who was author of 'Twice Told Tales' anyhow?"

Arnold:—"I think it was a collaboration by Jackson and Schenck."

Davis:—"There is one job I wouldn't mind having."

Farthing:—"Good Lord, what is it?"

Davis:—"Lineman for a wireless telegraph company."

They tell the following joke on Brinkley. They say that Brinkley made the football trip to Charlottesville. They say that at the hotel, Brinkley called the waiter of the hotel and asked what was the meaning of the paste board lying on his plate. They say that the waiter told him that it was an enumeration of edibles to be served for dinner. They say that Brinkley thereupon started at the top and ate towards the bottom, and that, when he had gotten one-third the way down and feeling rather full, he saw a dish near the bottom that he liked very much. They say that Brinkley called the waiter again and said to him: "Say, fellow, I have 'et' from thar to thar. Would you mind if I skipped to thar and eat to the bottom?"

Dr. Bennett:—"Mr. Cox, what have you to say in regard to the infliction of punishment in schools?"

Cox:—"Why, I think they should cut the capital (corporal) punishment in schools."

The 1911 Colonial Echo

Hopkins:—"What do you think of my argument?"

Prof. Ferguson:—"Sound—most certainly sound."

Hopkins:—"What else?"

Prof. F.:—"Nothing else—merely sound."

Hotel Clerk:—"Just sign your name, please. The other guests would like to register."

Davis:—"Don't try to hurry me, old man. I don't sign anything I haven't read over."

Forty days of bad weather—T. S. Neale saw his shadow on February 1st!

Larkin:—"Kid, what's a bustle?"

"Kid" Fentress:—"Hush, Pat, it isn't right to speak of anything behind a woman's back."

Dan:—"Do you know my brother Jack at College?"

Will:—"Sure, we sleep in the same class."

Fletcher:—"I don't see how you can learn boxing by mail. How would you get practice?"

Wilkinson:—"Aw, you could get practice licking stamps."

Bob Jackson:—"Prof. Stubbs, my brother is taking algebra under you this term, is he not?"

Dr. Stubbs:—"Well, sir, your brother has been exposed to Algebra, but I doubt if he will take it."

Freshman:—"What on earth is that odor?"

Dr. Garrett:—"Fertilizer."

Fresh.:—"For land's sake."

Dr. G.:—"Yes, sir."

Little Daughter (to Dr. Montgomery who is reading):—"Oh look at that big bug on the ceiling."

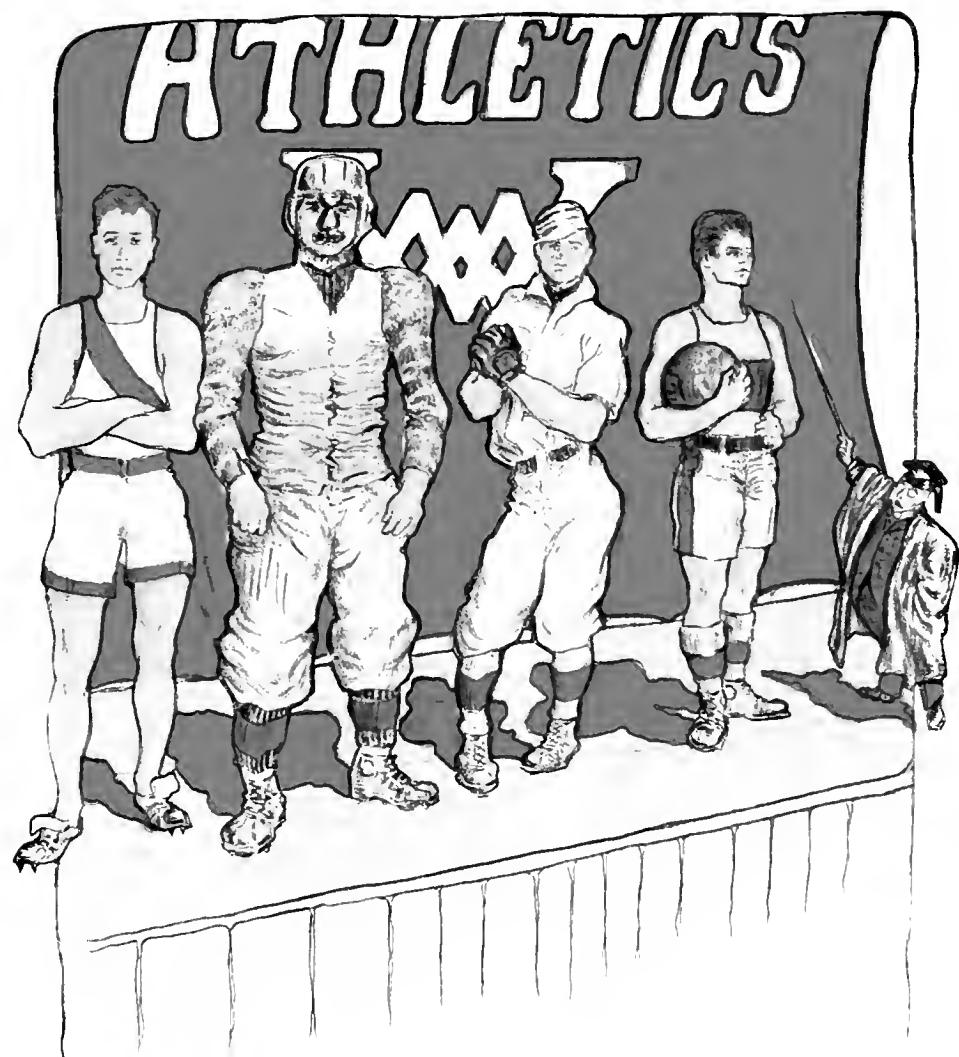
Dr. M.: (absent mindedly):—"Well, step on it, dear, and don't bother me."

"Sit down, Mr. Doty, have a glass of water."

Doty (from Kentucky):—"Water, water! Why, damme, suh, ain't that the stuff you put under bridges?"

Dr. Montgomery:—"Mr. Fugate, what is your favorite work?"

Mr. Fugate:—"Old Age and Friendship."



Athletics



N the history of athletics at William and Mary, it is with a feeling of pleasure that we recall some of the past events. That period is past in which we had to struggle for existence, and we find athletics in general resting on a firmer and more secure foundation than ever before. Certainly every one will agree that it takes several years for any system to become rooted and work to advantage. Already we have felt the effects of the present system, and if we are able to introduce a regular athletic fee, which we hope can be done soon, another great stride in the advancement of athletics will be taken at William and Mary.

Along the line of athletic improvements we are greatly indebted to Mr. Archibald Cary, of Richmond, who provided the funds for an up to date athletic field and grand stand. The field has been surrounded by a board fence, which makes it especially attractive for the different managers. With this development has come an increase in college spirit. This perhaps is due, especially in baseball, to the fact that it has been agreed by the Eastern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, which includes Randolph-Macon, Richmond College, Hampden-Sidney, V. P. I., and William and Mary, to have on their home grounds each year, three championship games. By this means, a number of games are brought to the student body every year, and it creates within it the desire for straight-forward, manly athletics, which comes not by reading about games, but by actually seeing them.

The true athletic spirit which began to increase last fall has continued well through the past football season. The men should be commended for the way in which they supported the team, and especially for their willingness to come out and help to maintain throughout the season one of the largest squads that William and Mary has ever had.

Our football season opened with Mr. J. Merrill Blanchard as coach. The first line-up was with the University of Virginia, and, this being our first trial, the results were very encouraging, as the final score stood 10 to 0 in favor of the orange and blue. A few more weeks of practice, and we found our eleven before the V. M. I. boys at Lexington. Although we met with an overwhelming defeat, it is not on this account that the V. M. I. game will long be remembered. It is because in this gridiron contest "Doe" Marrow was seriously injured, which left a vacant position in the line that no one else could fill. "Doe" was always "Johnnie on the spot," and had he been with us in the Randolph-Macon and the Hampden-Sidney game, the results might have been different.

Our ambition was reached, and the season counted a success, when on Saturday, November 19, we defeated Richmond College to the tune of 18 to 6. Much to our regret, and at a great financial loss to the manager, the Thanksgiving game, which was to be played in Newport News, was cancelled.

Our basketball season is now over, and our team has made a fine showing. In spite of the fact that it took some little time to get things in order, we finally got down to business. We played two games with Randolph-Macon, one score being 25 to 16 in favor of the orange and white, while the other score was 16 to 14 in favor of the lemon and black. This was a hard fought game, and since it was lost by such a small score, it was almost as good as a victory. In the contest with Hampden-Sidney, our team won two victories, one score being 24 to 20, and the other 41 to 13. We played a series of games with the Newport News Y. M. C. A. and Norfolk Blues, in which the victories were shared equally with Newport News, but from the Blues we were compelled to take a double defeat.

Arrangements are now being made to organize a track team. Although we are not over-taxed with material of this kind, we hope to be able to participate in the track meet which takes place in Richmond during the early spring.

The time for baseball is fast approaching, and the outlook is excellent. With several of the old players back, we are looking forward to a successful season. Already in our imagination we see flitting across our path the faint glimmer of the Championship Cup of 1911.





Athletic Department

Officers.

F. E. Graves.....	President
G. W. Schenck.....	Vice-President
W. E. Dold.....	Secretary and Treasurer
Prof. F. M. Crawford.....	Faculty Representative
Prof. W. H. Keeble.....	Faculty Representative

Football Department.

R. B. Jackson.....	Manager
E. R. Willeox.....	Asst. Manager
J. M. Blanchard.....	Coach

Baseball Department.

W. H. Deierholi.....	Manager
A. F. English.....	Asst. Manager
F. R. Savage.....	Coach

Basketball Department.

T. H. Geddy.....	Manager
------------------	---------

Track Team.

W. E. Dold.....	Manager
-----------------	---------



FOOTBALL TEAM

Football Team

R. B. Jackson.....	Manager
E. R. Wilcox.....	Assistant Manager
J. M. Blanchard.....	Coach

Right half back.....	Barr, Bryan
Left half back.....	Schenek
Full back.....	Graves, J. S.
Quarter back	Thomas
Right guard.....	Marrow, Brockwell
Right tackle	Tennis
Center	Lee (Captain)
Left guard.....	Somers, W. E.
Right tackle.....	Graves, F. E.
Right end	Richards
Left end	Speneer

Substitutes.

Right end	Parker
Right end	Unger
Quarter back	Tilly



BASE BALL TEAM

Baseball Squad

W. H. Deierhoi, Manager.....Highland Springs, Va.
A. F. English, Assistant Manager.....Shamokin, Pa.
F. R. Savage, Coach.....Williamsburg, Va.

W. H. Barr (Captain)	Catcher	New York
W. L. Ellis	Catcher	Lloyds, Va.
D. B. Spencer	pitcher	Williamsburg, Va.
J. H. Dunn	pitcher	Providence Forge, Va.
J. H. Hoskins	pitcher	Dunnsville, Va.
E. R. Willeox	1st base	Norfolk, Va.
L. F. Games	2nd base	Norfolk, Va.
G. W. Schenek	short stop	Norfolk, Va.
Jeff Alfriend	3rd base	Norfolk, Va.
B. A. Garth	center field	Ivy, Va.
W. Sheirs	left field	Lawrence, Mass.
B. D. Peachy	right field	Williamsburg, Va.
M. K. Johnson	3rd base	Hampton, Va.
J. McMenamin	1st base	Hampton, Va.



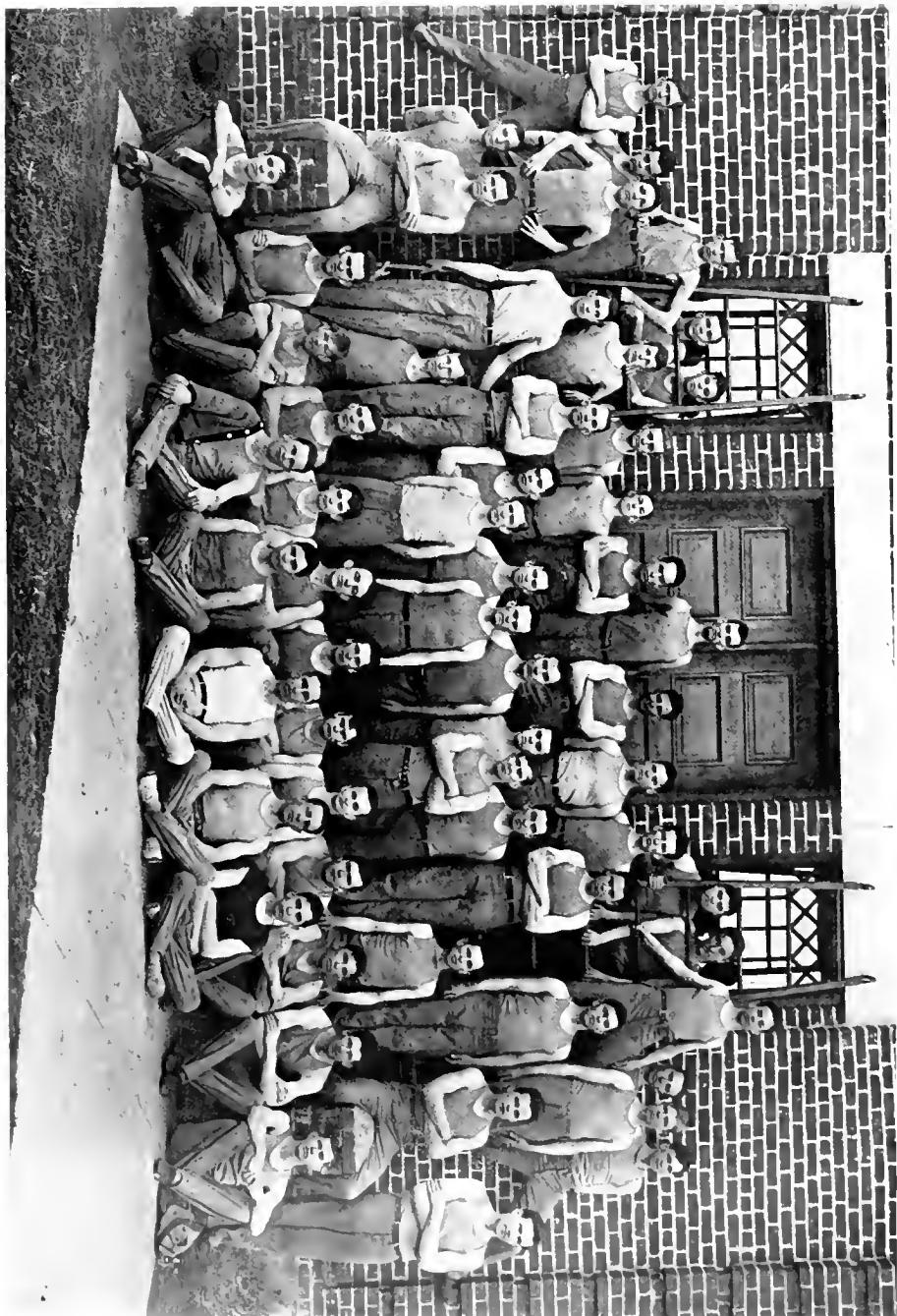
TRACK TEAM.

Front Row—From left to right—Goodwin, Barr, Dold, Schenck.
Second Row—From left to right—McAllister, Fentress, Witchley, Gordon.
Director:—F. M. Crawford.



BASKETBALL TEAM.

Standing—From left to right—Meyers—L. G., Metcalf—c., Getzoff—L. F., Farthing—Sub.
Sitting—From left to right—Montgomery—L. F., Hall—R. G. (Capt.), Geddy—R. F.
(Manager).



GYM CLASS

Apt Quotations

"How sweet it will be, with none himself!"—Bristol.

"Free to express passion, or of mirth!"—Pellman.

"Content is nature's bounness sea the shore to bring
Dissent a cut or classify a lung!"—A. R. Kuntz.

"On the banks of the placid Nile
Lived a studious crocodile.
And upon his face
With ease and grace
He wore a nine foot smile."—Mac Lloyd.

"I ain't got no head for figures, no how."—Jackson.

"Had I been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints
for the better ordering of the universe."—Rocke.

"The leaf has perished in the green."—Echo.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact."—English.

"A friar there was, a waner and a merry."—Starnell.

"Farewell! A word that must be and bath been,
A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!"—Lane.

"Truly was Lot so eloquent as thou!"—"Doc" Marrow.

"For my part, getting up seems not so easy by half as lying."—E. B.
Thomas.

"One that feared God and eschewed evil."—Tom Bellett.

"Wisdom shall die with you."—Stump.

"I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."—Trimble.

"O that my words were written! O that they were printed in a book!"—
Agree.

"He smelleth the bœ or o'ittle afar off."—Nebblett.

"Go to the ant thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."—J. Jackson.

"The very hairs of your head are all numbered."—Brown.

"The poor always ye have with you but—."—Parsons.

"And men sit down to that nourishment which is **called** supper."—Dormitoryites.

"A very gentle heart, and of a good conscience."—Bing.

"I am, sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."—Fletcher.

"But if it be a sin to covet
I am the most offending soul alive."—Hopkins.

"A little fire is quickly trodden out."—R. B. Jackson.

"I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die."—Mears.

"He was perfumed like a milliner;
And twixt his fingers and his thumb he held
A pommeet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose."—"Teddy" Barrow.

"Some to the church repair
Not for the doctrine, but the **music** there."—Howe.

"I would the gods had made thee poetical."—Harrison.

"O ye gods! how I hate to hear him sing."—Richardson.

"Lest I should burst with ignorance
I grind both night and day."—C. C. Snow.

"Afflicted with that great vice, good nature."—Barr.

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."—Getzoff.

"Once I was waylaid by Cupid,
And through his artifices I caught."—C. A. Willcox.

"Sits he in his study nook
With his elbow on a book?"—Adams.

"I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand,
A plug hat on my forehead
Four aces in my hand."—J. Jackson.

"Though I am not sportive and rash
Yet I have something in me dangerous."—Real Reckless Tilly.

"In length and slenderness of limb,
But few, if any, could equal him."—Presson.

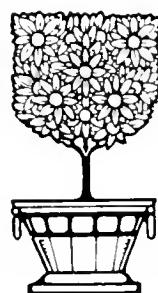
"A hair on the head is worth two in the wig."—Bish Lee.

"Don't you think I am pretty?"—Robinson.

"A speedy boy, in habits and every other way."—R. C. Deal.

Ministerial Students.

C. B. Starnell of Episcopal Church of God.
H. E. Trimble of Presbyterian Church of God.
T. S. Neale of Baptist Church of God.
B. E. Bing of the Methodist Church, south of God.





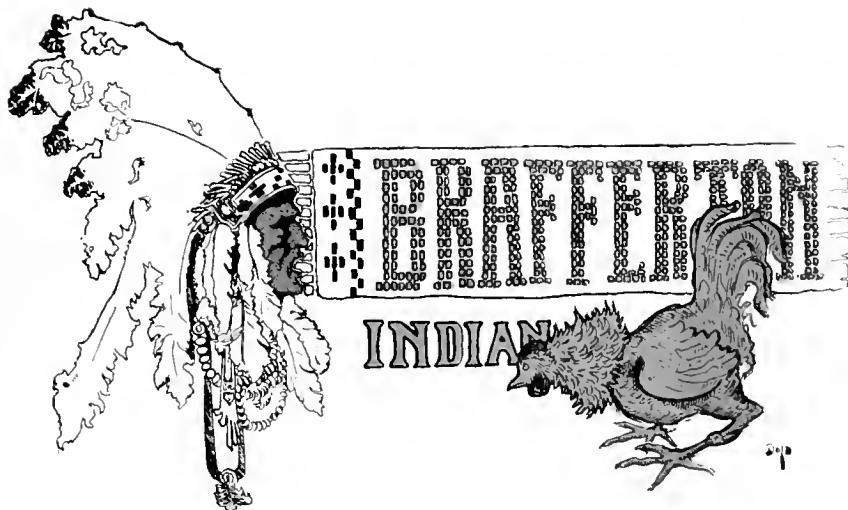


Spottswood Club

Organized December, 1907.

“Sic juvat transcendere montes.”

A. R. Koontz, '10	W. B. Lee, Jr., '12
F. E. Graves, '11	C. C. Snow, '12
G. P. Arnold, '11	E. R. Stump, '12
W. K. Doty, '11	R. B. Jackson, '13
F. D. Goodwin, '12	Prof. John Tyler, '07
	Dr. W. A. Montgomery
	Dr. J. S. Wilson, '04
	Prof. J. W. Ritchie



THE SPIRIT OF THE BRAFFERTON.

Long ago the untam'd Indians
Roamed the campus and the meadow,
Roamed the Brafferton, old in story,
Roamed the hill, and in the valley.
Built their camp fires where
The live-oak spreads its branches ever
green.
They have passed, these mighty
warriors,
But their Spirit still remains.

Still it haunts the ivy doorway,
And as darkness falls each evening,
Silent forms creep down the stairway
And it creaks with feet unseen.
As in old times with their arrows
They did wound the soaring eagle,
Now they seek Bob Spencer's hen
roost
And prepare a rich repast.
May the Spirit ever linger
In this wigwam of the blest.

BRAFFERTON INDIANS.

Great Werawance.....	"Hard Head" Fletcher
Werowance of the Bombastu.....	"Early Riser" Stump
Werowance of the Figaws.....	"Hen Rooster" Hamilton
Werowance of the Sycorax.....	"Rat Eating" Fugate
Quiyoughquisock.....	"Wild Honey" Deierhoi
Chronockoe of the Bombastu.....	"Snake Juice" Montgomery
Chronockoe of the Figaws.....	"Fragrant Bug" Wilkinson
Chronockoe of the Sycorax.....	"Catch-me-Cute" Snow
Oupiqueschiphotonbasse	"Crocodile" Jennings
Bumbeautobac	

BRAVES.

"Much Dinner" Clay.
"Almighty Lazy" Leigh.
"Jam Loving" Tucker.
"Apple Pie" Tucker (gone to Happy Hunting Grounds).
"Roaring Bull" Wyant (Captured by Pale Faces).

PAPPOUSES (of the "He" Kind).

"Crying Help!" Hamlin.
"Wailing Raccoon" Abrahams.
"Weeping Elephant" Somers.

SQUAWS.

(All sacrificed to the "God of Waters" in celebration of victory over "Duceafferians".)



The Minsterial Club

Officers.

Thomas W. Bennett.....	President
William J. Alfriend.....	Vice-President
James R. McAllister.....	Secretary
Charles G. Mears.....	Treasurer

Members.

William J. Alfriend	Charles G. Mears
Thomas W. Bennett	James J. Neil
Bennett E. Bing	Cameron G. Richardson
Charles H. Long	Clarke B. Starnell
James R. McAllister	Winfield Shiers
Robert B. Watkins	



Motto:—Vivimus—ut—edamus.
Non Edimus ut vivimus.

Yell.

Rub-a-dub-dub, Rub-a-dub-dub,
We're the boys of the Brownie Club.
Colors:—Brown and Green.

Officers.

Gilliland	President
Trimble	Vice-President
Alfriend	Secretary
Brown, Mr.	Treasurer
James	Chaplain

Members.

Alfriend	Parson
Bagley	Tarheel
Blitzer	Windy
Brinkley	Mormon
Brown, W. T.	Judge
Brown, V.	Baby
Getzoff	Pie Face
Gilliland	Skinny
Hitt	Croquet Shark
Holler	Miss Ethel
Jenkins	Ichabod
James	Calico Sport
Lowenbach	Whitehouse
Trimble	Torch
Winsbro	Rip Van Winkle
Witehley	Skip



The Northern Lights

Organized 1909.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

Officers.

Earl B. Thomas, New York.....	President
Alan F. English, Pennsylvania.....	Vice-President
Arthur R. Christie, New Jersey.....	Secretary and Treasurer

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Arthur S. Howe.....	New Hampshire
William H. Barr.....	New York
Alvin H. Thoms.....	New Jersey

Roll.

Thomas W. Bennett.....	Pennsylvania
Max Blitzer.....	New York
W. Elliott Dold.....	New York
Benjamin Getzoff.....	New Jersey
Leslie Jonn Gilliland.....	Pennsylvania
Carl W. Holler.....	Indiana
Charles H. Long.....	Pennsylvania
James J. Neil.....	Massachusetts
Winfield Shiers.....	Massachusetts
Elmer R. Stump.....	Pennsylvania
Raymond LeC. Unger.....	Pennsylvania
Percy L. Witchley.....	New York



Officers.

Charles H. Long.....	President
Clark B. Starnell.....	Vice-President
Alvin C. Cooper.....	Secretary and Treasurer
J. Herschel Dunn.....	Chaplain

Members.

Thomas W. Bennett.....Philadelphia, Pa.
Richardson B. Blackwell.....Kenbridge, Va.
Arthur Bryan.....Petersburg, Va.
Alvin C. Cooper.....Washington, D. C.
Reginald F. Cox.....Alexandria, Va.
J. Herschel Dunn.....Wichita, Kas.
J. Roger Hilsman.....Austin, Texas.
Walter L. Hopkins.....Richmond, Va.
Charles H. Long.....Philadelphia, Pa.
Cameron G. Richardson.....Beaufort, S. C.
Clark B. Starnell.....Washington, D. C.
Robert B. Watkins.....Studley, Va.
Honorary member, Hiram P. Wall, LL.B



RAPPAHANNOCK CLUB

Rappahannock Club

Motto:—"Paddle your own canoe"—the boats come once a month.

Flowers:—"Water Lilies."

Colors:—Water Colors.

Drink:—"Sham-Pain," followed by a dose of "fire-water."

Song:—Out where the billows roll high.

Pastime:—"Sharking."

Yell.

Rap—rap—rap!
A—Knock!
What Knock?
Rappa—han—nock!

Officers.

E. C. Jones.....	President
E. L. Wright.....	Vice-President
R. E. Burch.....	Secretary
A. V. Borkey.....	Treasurer

Members.

Bristow, F. M.	Hicks, W. T.
Borkey, A. V.	Jones, E. C.
Burch, R. E.	Lewis, P. G.
Dameron, W. R.	Neale, T. S.
Ellis, W. L.	Smith, R. G., Jr.
Ellis, W. F.	Smith, C. H.
Gillions, D. L.	Snow, C. C.
Gresham, S. O.	Stephens, J. W. G.
Garland, A. L.	Walker, R. H.
Healy, J. H.	Wright, E. L.
Hoskins, J. H.	



Motto:—Blessed is the man who lives a life of single cursedness.

Colors:—Black and Blue.

Aim:—To get there if not providentially hindered.

Favorite Pastime:—Watching the Calico go drifting by.

Favorite Flower:—Dogwood blossom.

Favorite Song:—Who has been here since I've been gone.

Favorite Drink:—Tom and Jerry.

Favorite Food:—Apple-tart and Goat Cream.

Officers.

H. H. Fletcher.....	President
M. D. Clay.....	Vice-President
W. L. Hopkins.....	Secretary
L. S. Self.....	Treasurer
R. E. Fugate.....	Chaplain

Members.

K. A. Agee	H. L. Harris
Edward Bane	Hillman
M. D. Clay	W. L. Hopkins
Oscar Deel	J. R. Horne
H. H. Fletcher	L. S. Self
R. E. Fugate	L. J. Stanley
H. R. Hamilton	H. W. Vaden



Ewell Club

Motto:—Work the hardest, do the best, make "exams," then we'll rest.

Colors:—The Loudest to be found.

Song:—Goodnight "ladies."

Pastime:—Rolling Bones.

Flowers:—Williamsburg "Tu-lips."

Yell.

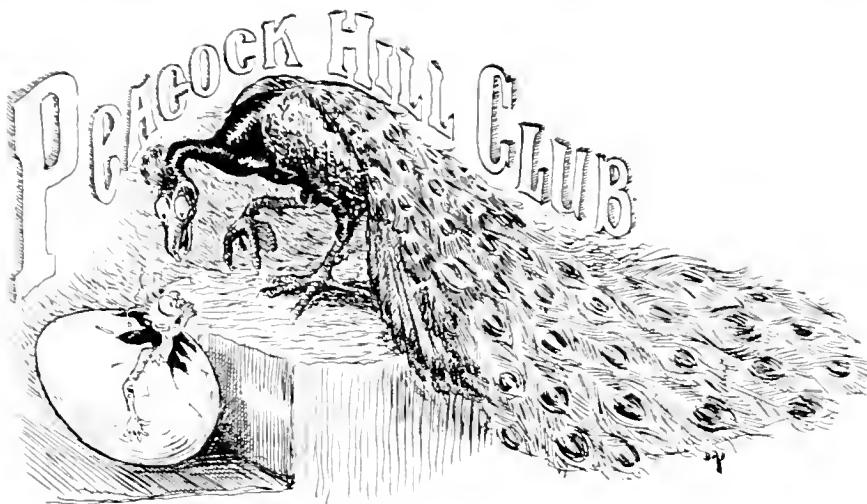
Rub-a-dub. Rub-a-dub
We are the boys of the Ewell Club.
Are we in it? Are we in it?
Well, I'll smile,
And we will be in it for a H--- of a while.

Officers.

J. E. Capps.....	President
I. J. Stanley.....	Vice-President
B. C. Charles.....	Secretary
J. W. Bunting.....	Treasurer
L. F. Echols.....	Chaplain

Members.

Agee, K. A.	Echols, F. L.
Brannon, G. W.	Healy, J. H.
Brockwell, R. H.	Hicks, W. T.
Bunting, J. W.	Holloway, J.
Burch, R. E.	Hoskins, J. H.
Capps, J. E.	Smith, R. G.
Chaplain, R. W.	Smith, W.
Charles, B. C.	Stanley, I. J.



Motto:—There are tails and tales,—but oh, you peacock tails.

Colors:—The rainbow.

Favorite Drink:—P—cocktail.

Yell.

Ray! Ray! Can't stand still!
Got to yell lond
For Peacock Hill!

The Roost.

The Peacock.....	Thomas H. Geddy
The Peahen.....	Earl B. Thomas
The Egg Collector.....	"Hen" Turner
The Water Trough.....	E. R. Stnmp
The Nest.....	A. S. Howe
The Old China Egg.....	Alan F. English
The Warmer of the Nest.....	Jack Wright
The Nest Egg.....	F. E. Graves
The Straw.....	W. H. Neblett
The Longest Feather.....	J. F. Hall
The Shortest Feather.....	J. H. Cato
The Yellow Peachick.....	Paul A. Ford
The Unhatched Brood.....	Bane, Vaden, Merriweather, Machen, J. S. Graves, Perkins, Garth, Leatherbury and Rowe.
The Broken Down Peacocks.....	Ritchie, Wilson, Keeble, Hall, Bridges
The Strutting Peacocks.....	Ferguson, Koontz
Peacocks in Urbe.....	Bobbie Henley, Alexis O'Keefe
The Little Hens.....	The Institute



Epicurean Club

Motto:—"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may collapse."

Favorite Dish:—Doughnut fritters.

Favorite Drink:—Old Reserve.

Pastime:—Poultry raiding.

Members.

"Pious" Dameron	President
"Orpheus" Bristow	Vice-President
"Acrobat" Forrest	Secretary
"Suffragist" Bing	Treasurer
"Gormand" Carter.....	G. A. W.
"Breezy" Neil	Paker—shark
"Midget" Stockard.....	Hen Roost Inspector
"Night-Rider" Shiers	Bottle—Opener
"Sleeping Beauty" Smith.....	Chaplain



Motto:—"If spooning interferes with studying, cut out studying."

Colors:—For colors, consult the rainbow.

Flowers:—Yellow Pine and Black Gum.

Favorite Drink:—"Blue Lightning."

Pastime:—Serenading and stealing chickens.

Yell.

Ray—ray—ride,
Bing-a-lang-a-slide,
Rock—chalk—jay—hawk,
Clnb—South Side.

Officers.

J. L. Tucker.....	President
W. H. Neblett.....	Vice-President
H. H. Blackwell.....	Secretary
F. B. Wilkinson.....	Treasurer

Members.

Barnes, J. F.	Montgomery, S. J.
Blackwell, H. H.	Neblett, W. H.
Blackwell, R. B.	Tucker, J. L.
Hamlin, C. H.	Wilkinson, F. B.
Leach, E. A.	Wilkinson, T. E.
Mitchell, R. V.	Taylor, J. E.
Zehmer, G. B.	



York County Club

Motto:—"Do others before they do you."

Favorite Drink:—Cherry Bounce.

Favorite Song:—What's the matter with our Club?

Favorite Pastime:—Moving pictures and Calico sporting.

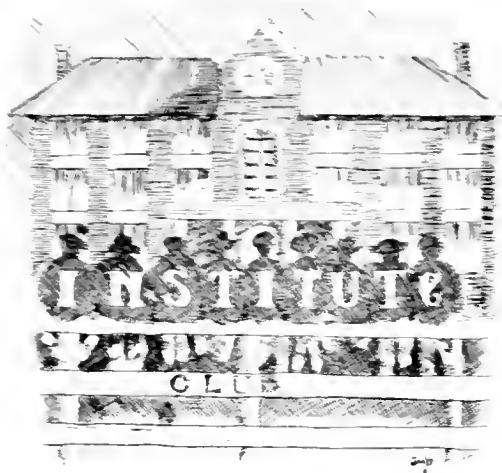
Officers.

A. S. Forrest.....	President
Wallie Smith	Vice-President
B. C. Charles.....	Secretary
Joe Holloway	Treasurer

Members.

John W. Bunting	Joseph Holloway
Benton C. Charles	Howard H. Lackey
Daniel H. Carmines	Linwood C. Riggins
Alfred S. Forrest	Lionel W. Roberts
Wallie R. Smith	

The 1911 Colonial Echo



President

Associate President

Advisory Professor (U. S. A. Dept.)

General Supervisor

Bar. B. Thomas

Prof. W. M. A. Buxton

Prof. A. S. Howe

Alfred F. Englehardt

BOARD OF VISITORS

H. B. Bishop	T. H. Eaton, Jr.
H. C. Peabody, Jr.	T. H. Dunn
W. H. Nelson	C. J. Walker
F. B. Wilkins	A. W. James
J. W. T. Estelle	H. F. Cox
C. L. Stimpson	

Coat of Arms — Erased. The red rampant upon a shield.

Proposed Motto — "We When Numbered are Many
The girls then all stand."



Minister's lover	Arnold
Baby lover	Thomas
Professor's daughter's lover.....	English
Seminary lover	Howe
Elizabethan lover.....	R. B. Jackson
Peacock Hill lover.....	Nebbitt
Lover of single blessedness.....	Bloxton
Coco-cola (?) lover.....	Stump
Hopeful lover	Machen
Lover of love	Jno. Tyler
Lover of work	Snow
Cured lover	Dr. Wilson
Ease lover	Davis
Lover of beauty.....	Echols
Lover of polities.....	Hopkins
Self lover	Schenek
Lover of widows.....	Trimble
Lovely lover.....	"Teddy" Willeox

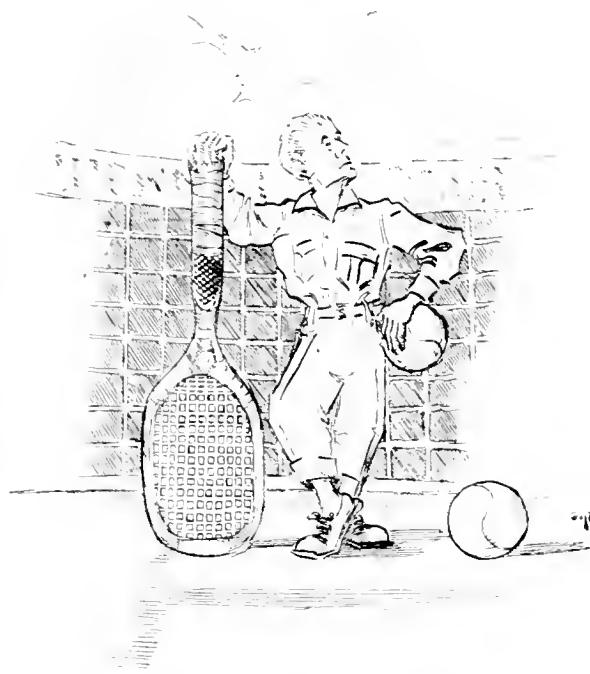
AFFINITY POEM.

Methought I heard a voice cry out
A-singing in the corridor,
"O Ponce de Leon, little fool,
Why did you go to Florida?
If you had sailed your barque on James
Or River York, and got the names
Of all the girls who lived here then,—
If you, I say, should rise again:—

If you could leave your barque in Spain,
And come here on the evening train:—
In this here town, for every name
That you'd tell me, I'll show the same
Young girl who knows far more the truth
Than ever maid in everglade,
Of the mystic fountain of youth.

E. B. T.

The 1911 Colonial Echo

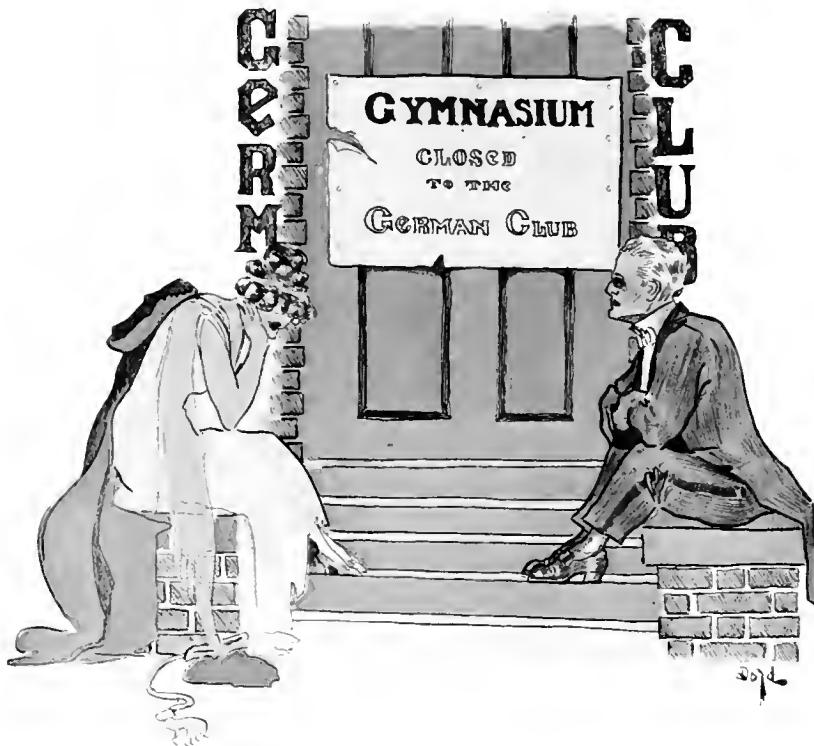


Officers.

W. M. A. Bloxton	President
A. F. English,.....	Secretary
Earl B. Thomas.....	Treasurer

Members.

H. H. Fletcher	K. A. Agee
A. L. Thoms	J. E. Capps
H. E. Trimble	W. H. Deierhoi
W. M. A. Bloxton	F. E. Graves
A. F. English	F. D. Goodwin
E. B. Thomas	R. B. Jackson
W. E. Dold	E. R. Stump

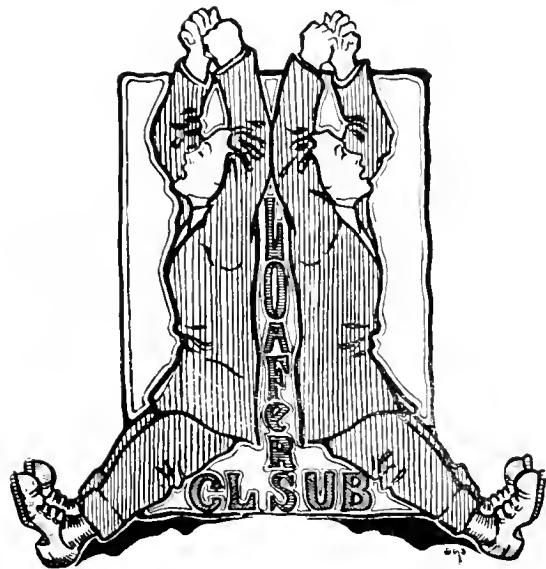


Officers.

R. B. Jackson.....President
E. R. Willcox.....Secretary
R. C. Deal.....Treasurer

Members.

G. P. Arnold	A. R. Koontz
T. Barrow	J. W. Kellam
H. H. Blackwell	W. B. Lee, Jr.
A. R. Christie	E. L. H. Machen
J. D. Clements	W. H. Neblett
R. F. Cox	B. D. Peachy, Jr.
R. C. Deal	J. N. Richards
W. E. Dold	D. B. Spencer
A. F. English	E. R. Stump
E. P. Farthing	H. A. Turner
M. A. Fentress	H. E. Trimble
T. H. Geddy, Jr.	H. W. Vaden
F. E. Graves	E. R. Willcox
R. B. Jackson	L. R. Hilsman
E. C. Jones	



King of the Hook Worm.....	G. M. Davis
First Hookie	B. Getzoff
Second Hookie	Joe Hall
Queen Hookie.....	E. R. Stump
Third Hookie	Tilley
Snail	R. L. Unger
Protozoan	Galt
Amoeba	Jno. Jackson
Sleepy Loafer.....	"Bish" Lee
Dreaming Drone	Tennis
Williamsburg Drone.....	L. W. Lane, III
The Hook Worm.....	A. S. Howe
Silent Loafer.....	P. A. Ford
Sweet-Voiced Loafer.....	"Kid" Fentress
Central Loafer.....	A. Bryan
Professional Loafer.....	G. P. Arnold



Royal Manipulator of the Fingernails.....	M. A. Fentress
Chief User of the Digits.....	J. W. Jackson
First Associate Wielder of the Hand Rake.....	T. C. Tilly

Frantic Members.

M. Lloyd
W. S. Robertson
E. R. Wilcox
C. A. Wilcox

Prospective Members.

R. B. Jackson
Geo. Larkin
G. T. Ellis
T. J. Rowe



CLASS POEM.

The boys stood in the peanut field,
And ate with great dispatch,
Of all the sturdy vines did yield
Witbin that peanut patch.

"We'd better go," Bull Wyant said,
Bang went the farmer's gun;
We left our clothes on the barb'd wire fence,
You ought to have seen us run.

Roll.

V. L. Somers	"Bull" Wyant
J. O. Nidermaier	"Mable" Hite
Edward Bane	M. D. Clay
A. L. Leigh	A. V. Borkey
P. G. Lewis	S. J. Montgomery
	Dutchman" Frey



J. O. Nidermaier.....	Ex-Chief of "Shipping" Department
C. H. Smith.....	Chief of Incubator Department
M. D. Clay.....	Chief of Brooder Department
W. H. Neblett.....	Chief of Coop Department
T. H. Geddy.....	Chief of Hen House Department
J. F. Hall.....	Chairman of Sanitary and Health Committee
M. L. Borkey.....	Chief of Hen House Warming Coops.
F. B. Wilkinson.....	Specialist on Means of Security—Locks, etc.
H. W. Wyant.....	Specialist on Guarding Coops (?)
Roy Deal	Chief Scout
Benjamin Getzoff.....	Chief of Supplies
H. H. Fletcher.....	Chief of Kitchen Department
John Jackson.....	Assistant to Chief Scout
J. L. Tucker.....	Chief Cook
W. H. Deierhoi.....	Chief Waiter
S. J. Montgomery.....	Chief Bailer Worker

— — — — —

Menu.

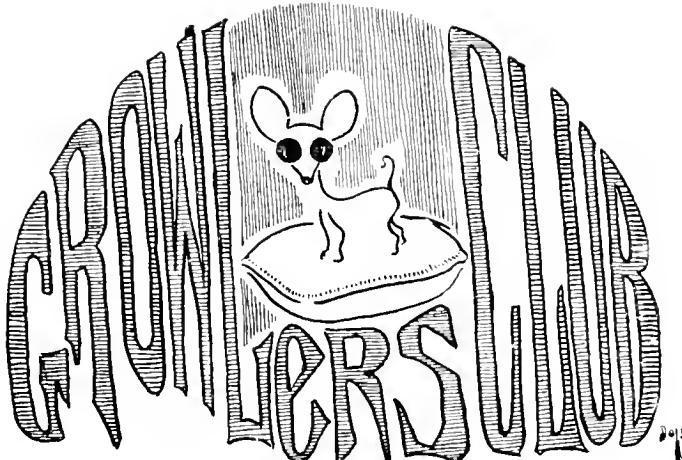
Stuffed Pullet on half shell.

Devilled eggs (fresh).

Domineck a la grand plat de bais.

(Puffed Chanticleer) age seize ans.

Eau-de-vie Cigars.



Red-headed Mastiff.....	H. H. Fletcher
Rat-Terrier.....	T. S. Neale
Mexican Hairless.....	E. R. Stump
The Great Dane.....	A. R. Christie
Bull-dog.....	R. L. Unger
Dachshund	"Bish" Lee
"Yaller" Dog.....	P. A. Ford
Noisy Pup.....	George Larkin
Silent Pup	Prillaman
Greyhound.....	W. F. Ellis
Fox Terrier.....	L. E. Scheie
Foxhound	Galt
Sleeping Dog.....	G. M. Davis
King of Growlers.....	Howe
Short Legged Growler.....	G. P. Arnold
Prairie Dog.....	L. W. Lane, HI
Constant Growler.....	Geo. Schenck
Frankfurt Sausage	Tilley
Skye-Terrier.....	J. M. Presson



“IT” Club

IT of ITS.....	E. R. Stump
It of Its.....	W. S. Robertson
Seratchy it.....	Tilley
Professor's it.....	Bagley
Green it.....	R. B. Blackwell
Scientific it.....	A. R. Koontz
Dom it.....	A. S. Howe
Sick it.....	GEO. Larkin
Philosophical it.....	G. O. Ferguson
Calico it.....	H. W. Vaden
Yearling it.....	J. J. Neil
Grind it.....	C. C. Snow
Football it.....	Geo. Schenck
Empty it.....	Mac Lloyd
Coming it.....	Myers
Long it.....	Christie
Near it.....	C. G. Richardson
Society it.....	C. B. Starnell
Little it.....	L. B. Rocke



Minstrel Club

F. M. Crawford.....Interlocutor
George W. Schenck.....} End Men
"Lizzie" Starnell

Members.

D. B. Spencer	Ernest Wright
T. H. Geddy, Jr.	F. M. Fentress
G. P. Arnold	R. B. Jackson
W. E. Dold	A. Gordon
Geo. Lane	F. D. Goodwin
A. F. English	E. B. Thomas
	T. Stockard

ORCHESTRA.

G. W. Schenck, Director
T. H. Geddy, Jr. | Guitars.
D. B. Spencer
A. Gordon, First Violin
F. D. Goodwin, Second Fiddle
"Lizzie" Starnell, Kettle Drum

DEVOTEES OF THE RUBAIYAT



(Published every Saturday evening.)

(Henry Billups—Editor.)

First Stanza.....	E. R. Stump
Second Stanza.....	A. S. Howe
Third Stanza.....	E. C. Jones
Longest Stanza.....	A. R. Christie
Short Stanza.....	T. H. Geddy, Jr.
Shorter Stanza.....	W. E. Dold
Shortest Stanza.....	J. W. Jackson
Never stop line.....	E. P. Farthing
Run on line.....	R. B. Jackson
Rhyming Stanza.....	W. K. Doty
Short metre.....	W. S. Robertson
Most famous Stanza.....	Dr. J. S. Wilson
Editor's old Stanza.....	Prof. G. O. Ferguson
Onomato-poetic Stanza.....	B. A. Garth
Beautiful Stanza.....	"Teddy" Willeox
Rejected Stanza.....	Geo. Larkin
Feminine Rhyme	Holler
Printer's Devil.....	Prof. J. W. Ritchie



H. W. Wyant.....	The "Classy" Rider
Caesar Harrison	The Charger
C. B. Starnell.....	Chief Turfman
Jeff Alfriend.....	The Old Plow Mule
R. C. Deal.....	Shetland Pony
W. L. Hopkins.....	Mexican Mustang
Henry Turner.....	The Old Plug
R. B. Jackson.....	2,561 ⁴
Eric Bishop	Montana Speed
W. H. Neblett.....	The Old Dray Again
W. K. Doty.....	The Kentucky Thoroughbred
Joe Gale	Old Frank
C. H. Hamlin.....	Bucephalus
H. H. Adams.....	"Dan" Patch
W. J. Tennis.....	
L. W. Lane, III.....	
W. F. Parsons.....	Also Ran
Geo. Larkin.....	

The Dead Man Who Returned



E were sitting in my office, smoking and idly dreaming as the wreaths of smoke curled slowly towards the ceiling, when Lawson broke the silence with: "Say, Bob, in all your detective experiences I've heard, you have never told me how Gilder managed that Proctor affair, which at the time you seemed to think hopeless."

"Well," I said, "I am not busy this morning, so I will give you the whole story as I remember it, but as some of the principal facts are contained in a few newspaper clippings, I shall first look them up."

After a short search among my files, I found the desired clippings, and taking a fresh cigar, settled myself comfortably in my easy chair to tell another of the remarkable experiences with which the life of this eminent detective was filled.

"As you know, Lawson, Gilder and I were boyhood chums, and carried this intimacy into our business relations when we started a detective agency together. Gilder, however, soon outstripped me in proficiency. Then when a London firm was the victim of an enormous theft—I've told you that London story, have I not?"

"Yes."

"Well, no native detective seemed able to catch the criminals, so an agent was sent over to secure an American expert. Gilder was recommended for the case, and accepted at a large salary. He managed this case so successfully that he was offered every inducement to remain in London. He decided to make London his permanent headquarters, and insisted that I should accompany him. I replied that London crooks are too thick-headed for me, and I preferred to sharpen my wits in better company."

"As both of us are men of few words, our partnership was soon dissolved, and Gilder was on his way to London."

"A short time after, a big diamond house in New York—the Thompson-Cottrell Company I believe—lost some valuable diamonds en route for London. They suspected that the thief had landed on English soil, and so detailed me to unravel the mystery."

"As soon as Gilder learned that I was in the city, he gave me a very cordial invitation to stay with him. Of course nothing could have pleased me better, and at his very comfortable, and I may say, costly apartments, I stayed for two weeks, during which time no clue to the diamond mystery could be found."

"My time in London was drawing to a close when one morning just after breakfast, the butler entered with the morning's mail. Gilder was busy, so he handed me the bundle of correspondence, which I immediately sorted over. Picking out the "Daily News," I tossed a budget of letters to my companion. Hardly had the paper touched my hand before these startling headlines riveted my attention:

"Mysterious Disappearance of John Proctor."

June 12, Special Telegram:—John Proctor, owner of the beautiful old Inglewood Manor house near this city, disappeared last night, and though every effort was made to find him, until twelve o'clock today no trace of him could be discovered. But what is still more mysterious, every window and door of the house was securely locked.

As the missing man's wife is dead, and his only son is a dissolute prodigal, he was alone on the fateful night. The butler, who occupies a basement room just under that of his employer, says that Proctor, after locking all the doors and windows carefully, went to bed about ten o'clock. He heard footsteps in his master's room about midnight, but thinking Proctor was probably restless, paid no attention to the noise. He also asserts that it would have been impossible to unlock the doors of the house,—three of which would have to be unfastened before reaching Proctor's room—with a skeleton key, as these locks are of widely different type: in fact, all outside doors, to suit a whim of the owner, are fitted with combination locks of a very complicated nature.

The butler is an old family servant, honorable and esteemed, and is not suspected.

The room when broken into smelled very slightly of ether, but it seems impossible that a human being other than John Proctor could have entered the room. As the night was warm, the occupant had opened the windows, but like all old-fashioned houses in this locality, the windows were securely barred, and evidently had not been tampered with. There was not even a chimney in the room, but the room adjoining contained quite a large one. But here again solution of the mystery is impossible. The door was securely locked. No one but John Proctor had keys to the house. These were found in his room, under his pillow."

This, then, is the mystery which confronts us. A man has vanished from a strongly locked and barred house during a dark and windy night—from a house which, it would seem, was impervious to the supernatural, not to mention anything mortal. The wind makes impossible the use of blood hounds.

The missing man comes of a small family. He has but one son, Sam Proctor, who ran away from home and is leading the life of a dissolute sailor. He has also a nephew, Sidney Proctor, who is living near Nimes, in southern France."

"The twelfth, why that was yesterday," I mused, handing the paper to Gilder. Hardly had Gilder read the story when a ringing of the doorbell an-

nounced the coming of a messenger boy. The telegram was, of course, a summons to Inglewood.

Gilder was ready to go in an instant—he always kept a suitcase packed for emergencies. "Come go up with me," was his laconic invitation. I quickly threw a few necessary things into my grip, and in scarcely a moment later, we were upon the street, had hailed a cab, and were going at breakneck speed to catch the next train for —, which was due to leave in five minutes.

"Once we were upon the train, my companion became very silent, and hardly a word was spoken during the journey. As soon as we reached Inglewood, after a mile drive from the railroad station, Gilder began to search the beautiful old house for clues. On through the rooms he went, his expressionless face showing that he was deeply puzzled. Finally he returned to the unfortunate man's room. This he began to examine for sliding panels, or other means of exit apart from the door. I meanwhile rummaged around in Proctor's private desk, thinking that perhaps the missing man had left there something indicative of his present whereabouts. Finally I came to a will. I opened it and read the few words it contained.

"I, Oliver Proctor," (this was the kidnapped man's father), "do hereby will to my second son, John, all my real estate and personal property; said estate to be bequeathed at his death to my grandson, Sidney Proctor, or, in event of his death or other disqualification to hold said property, to Sam Proctor.

Witness my hand,

Oliver Proctor."

"Sidney Proctor, then, would inherit the property, and it seemed to me that he might have killed his uncle. On second thought I abandoned the idea, as it would have been entirely too dangerous for him to undertake such a move.

"My work was interrupted by the butler announcing dinner, or luncheon I should say, and Gilder seemed more cheerful. He relaxed into his usual self, joking about some of his past experiences. I knew him too well to ask him his views upon the present case, and merely showed him the will. He read it over and laid it nonchalantly aside while he proceeded to lunch.

"After lunch he proposed a walk, and we went far out into the country. We passed several deserted houses, and came at last to a cottage, small, but well kept and beautiful. Gilder, jerking his thumb in that direction, remarked casually: "Sidney's English home."

"What's that funny looking glass house on top?" I queried. "Evidently he is not in a position to throw stones."

"I believe it is a sort of chemical laboratory and observatory. You know he used to be a professor of chemistry in some college—I can't recall the name."

"Thus time passed for several days, the only variation of the monotony

being our daily walks. In these we often passed property belonging to Sidney Proctor. He seemed to own a great many estates around Inglewood.

"One morning, four days after our arrival, when Gilder and I were searching and examining the old house as usual, we were both petrified with horror and amazement, for there, in his bed, apparently asleep, lay the owner of Inglewood.

"'By Jove, I didn't expect this!' exclaimed my companion vehemently. This was the first time that Gilder had indicated by word or deed that he knew more about the case than he expressed to me. He touched the statue-like sleeper.

"'Dead,' he muttered, 'killed about four hours ago. Well, I could not have saved the poor devil anyhow.'

"He at once sent a cablegram to Sidney, acquainting him with the recent said happenings. He had previously written a letter, but sent the cablegram. Hardly had the cablegram been dispatched when a servant entered with the day's mail. Gilder pounced upon a French paper, and turning a page or two said: 'How's this, Rob?'

"Remarkable Kidnapping.

Nimes, June 14; Special cable. The Proctor family seems to be the victim of many disasters. Barely had news of John Proctor's mysterious disappearance reached here before Sidney Proctor, while out walking alone in a forest near his home, ten miles from this city, was ambuscaded, handenffed, and borne off in an automobile by three disguised men. A peasant witnessed the affair, but all happened so quickly that he was unable to render assistance to the unfortunate man.

An automobile going at full speed was seen passing several villages to the west of Nimes. The machine seemed to be making for the forests of the Cevennes Mountains, and from the last report, it had almost arrived there. All that have seen the auto describe it as a large touring car of about forty horse-power. It contained four men. One of the passengers upon the front seat was sitting in rather an unnatural position; probably due to being bound. Every effort to obtain other evidence as to the missing man's whereabouts has been in vain. Sidney Proctor was prominent in sporting circles here, but has of late been losing heavily."

"'Ah,' muttered Gilder, 'trying to kill all the heirs, is he? Rob, we must solve this puzzle before he gets the other one too.'

"'Think so myself,' I replied, 'but the solution is the part that bothers me.'

"Gilder now took up his abode in a small house in the yard, saying 'That big house is too spooky for me, and as it will be of no more value to me in this case, it may as well remain locked up.' Since his moving into the smaller house, my companion lapsed into a state of apparently joyous disregard of any

occupation whatever. I did not know whether this idleness was due to his having solved the mystery, or whether he was awaiting developments—he never spoke of his business to any one. Of course we enjoyed being together, and the more so since we did not have any business cares.

“Our period of ease and idleness had lasted but five days when more news came. It was again through a newspaper that we were informed of Sidney Proctor’s reappearance at a small village at the foot of the Avenues, on the outskirts of that forest of which we have already spoken. He was in a bad mental condition, handcuffed, and almost starved. After a day of rest and good care, however, he was able to tell his story. Following is the newspaper account of Proctor’s capture and escape:

“I was returning to my home from a short walk last Thursday, alone—my wife who usually accompanies me was unwell—when I turned a bend in the road and saw a large touring car just ahead of me. Three men were in it, the two on the rear seat being strangers. The man in front wore goggles and a heavy muffler, and was of the same figure as a friend of mine. The car was exactly like one owned by this friend, and I was not surprised when the driver hailed me—my friend never employed a chauffeur.—“Come, let’s take a ride,” he said, bringing the car to a standstill. “I want you to meet my two friends.” I accepted the invitation, and when I entered the car, extended my right hand for the usual handshake. My supposed friend grasped my hand warmly and turned to the two strangers. “Mr. Proctor, this is my friend, Mr. ——,” but he got no farther, for, seeing his opportunity, he seized my hands with lightning rapidity, and pinioned them behind my back. “Quick, put on the handcuffs,” he said to one of his companions. The fellow responded instantly by locking them on my wrists. The ruffian on the seat with me pulled out a pistol, and placing the muzzle near my heart, said: “Cry out and you die, understand?” He drew his heavy lap robe over his pistol hand, and with the other started the car at full speed.

“On and on we sped, darting by several villages, always keeping the direction of the Avenues forests. My capture happened at five o’clock: by ten P. M. we were slowing down in a lonely unfrequented road upon the thickly wooded slopes of the Avenues. The machine was stopped. One of the ruffians pulled me from my seat, and assisted by the other two, bore me away several hundred metres to a pit about three metres square. Into this I was dropped. I heard them place a few boards over the top of the pit, scatter some leaves upon them, and depart.

“This, then, was my doom, practically buried alive, bound hand and foot, where one might walk directly over me and not discover my whereabouts. I had remained in the pit I suppose about twelve hours, when I remembered that my captors had not taken my knife from my hip pocket. My feet were bound with rope. Why, then, couldn’t I think of a way of escape? Finally by twisting myself around all sorts of ways, I managed to get my knife out of my pocket and to open it. Then by assuming a kneeling position, after about an hour’s labor I severed the rope, and in

so doing, cut my ankles several times. Now that I was foot-free, escape seemed possible. But by this time I was so sleepy I could labor no more, and slept, I suppose, about twelve hours. When I awoke I immediately began to claw dirt with hands and feet. I suppose another day was consumed in getting out of the pit, and when I at last emerged from my three days' imprisonment, I was so weak that I despaired of ever again reaching the sound of human voice.

"I soon found the road by which I was brought to my prison. Though now so nearly saved, delirium attacked me, and I knew no more until rescued by a peasant at the village of Monaco, in which I am now staying. It seems quite strange, but one of my captors greatly resembled my cousin, Sam Proctor."

"Coincident with Sidney Proctor's reappearance, a message was received from Calais that Sam Proctor—now commanding his own ship—had sailed for America. An eminent detective of this city has suggested that there may be some significance in the fact that Sam Proctor fled on the same day that Sidney's escape from almost certain death was made known."

"I spent the next few days in London. Meanwhile Sidney Proctor came over from France as soon as possible, and took possession of the Inglewood estate, but seemed somewhat nervous about staying in the house alone. Nevertheless, he mastered his fears, and stayed in the room formerly occupied by his uncle, presumably because this was the most quiet and most out of the way part of the building, and more congenial with his present melancholy mood. He took daily walks at evening with his wife, and seemed to be living an ordinary, quiet life. I obtained my information from Gilder. Then, after about three days, I received a telegram to the effect that he would be in London immediately. I thought this rather a curious move, but Gilder was managing his own case, and I had not even taken the trouble to form a theory concerning it.

"As we walked from the station, my companion seemed more reticent than ever. He refused to say anything about the case, giving as his reason that he wasn't at all sure of its outcome.

"The following afternoon he received a telegram from — containing the following words: 'They have just arrived, will spend night here, go to-morrow. John M.'

"'We must get out of this town immediately,' said Gilder, giving his telephone a ring.

"'Hello; is this Scotland Yard? Send me up Mathews and Watkins; tell them to come to my office as soon as possible.'

"Then turning to me, 'Get ready,' he said, 'we must leave here by dark, and it is now almost dusk. We'll have to eat supper before we go, too.'

In a few minutes the men from Scotland Yard arrived, and we were on

our way to a hotel to obtain supper. Our meal was soon finished, and led by Gilder, we were not long in getting to a pawn shop where he purchased some rather dilapidated clothes. Then, leading us to the back of the store, he told us to put them on. This done, we started for the railroad station. When we arrived, Gilder held a whispered conversation with the agent. Turning around to us he said: 'I've gotten good accommodations for you fellows, we're going to hobo it on the rods.'

"We were about to give vent to our surprise when Gilder, with a gesture, silenced us.

"'We've got to keep our movements secret,' he whispered, 'as my whole ease depends upon our getting to Inglewood unnoticed.'

"Remembering this precaution, we lined up in the shadow of the building to wait for the next train. In a short time it arrived, and we stole quietly under the cars taking our positions upon the rods for our long journey. We started at eight o'clock; by eleven we were nearing Inglewood.

"'When you get there, roll out of the cars upon the side opposite to the station and keep walking away from it in the shadow of the train,' said our leader.

"The train stopped long enough for us to make our escape unnoticed. 'Now for Inglewood,' said Gilder, 'and to keep our movements secret as possible, let's cut through this bit of forest.' So saying, he led the way, bringing us soon to Inglewood. At the edge of the lawn he stopped, motioning us to hide behind a hedge.

"In the house a lamp was sending forth its beams of light; in a short time this was extinguished.

"Veiled in the inky darkness, Gilder led us to that house in the yard which he and I had formerly occupied. As he had surmised, the house was vacant, the door unlocked. 'Walk in boys,' he said sarcastically, 'but you can't remain here long.' With this he pulled up some of the floor boards which he had previously loosened, disclosing a sort of cellar room about ten feet square and eight deep. It was furnished with four chairs, a table, some canned foods and what seemed to me most curious, two telephones.

"'Make yourselves at home,' said Gilder, 'we stay here until some time tomorrow.'

"Then we all lay down and slept. The next day, until about eleven o'clock, was spent in playing cards, etc. At this time we heard through the phones, in Proctor's voice (the receivers were left down purposely), 'Yes, show the gentlemen up, John, then you may go to work in the dining-room until dinner time, polishing the silver.' Of course Gilder and I jumped to the phones, where we heard the following conversation:

"Good morning, Louvean. How are you, Dubac? Ah, Francois, you have come, I suppose, to receive your payment?"

"Yes," said a strange voice, "we want to get our money and go. Did your bluff work?"

"Fine," said Proctor again, "I even fooled that detective."

"How did you manage to get him away just at the proper time? Wasn't he suspicious?"

"Not at all so," laughed Proctor. "I had anticipated some trouble in getting him out of the way when you came, but he acquiesced readily when I suggested that he should go down to London to work up a clue which the London police had."

"Again the stranger spoke: "Well, we'd just as well get out of here as soon as possible; I don't like detectives. It's a pity you couldn't pay us somewhere else anyhow."

"I did not have any money when in France, and it would look suspicious to send back a money order or draft. A quiet little visit by some of my French friends will not be noticed, and as that detective is away, you need not have any fears."

Here there was a sound as of a drawer being opened.

"Well," said the stranger, "we must be going. I'm anxious to get back to France."

After some further conversation, there was a sound of retreating footsteps as Proctor accompanied them to the front door of the house. Then we heard him return, shutting the door of his own room. A sigh of relief fell upon our ears, accompanied by the exclamation: "Quite easily done—I'm so glad it is all over."

"Of course now I saw through the whole thing."

"Great, fine!" I exclaimed. "Tell me how you did it."

"Can't stop to explain now," my companion explained. "Come with me."

The three of us followed him enviously, and where should he go but to the Inglewood house. We met the Frenchmen on the steps, and Gilder immediately arrested and disarmed them. They were taken too much by surprise to offer resistance. Next Gilder made for Proctor's room. He rapped on the door. A voice inside said: "Come in."

"I think I have a clue, Mr. Proctor," said Gilder entering,—and I fancied his tone was somewhat sarcastic. "In other words, you are arrested on the double charge of murder in the first degree and of obtaining money under false pretences."

Proctor at first seemed stunned; his face turned deathly pale, but he recovered his composure, and with a forced smile said: "Don't joke with me

on such a subject—involving my dear uncle's death.' Then changing his manner entirely, his hand stole to his hip pocket. Gilder, however, was too quick for Proctor, and in a second had the drop on him.

“There are other places for such talk as this. Put the handcuffs on him, Bob. Just lift that gun, too, while you're about it.”

“I obeyed instantly, and our prisoner was soon on his way to join the other three who were waiting at the front door with Matthews and Watkins. Gilder turned his prisoner over to the policemen with the simple words: ‘Here's your man’—and drawing a letter from his pocket—‘By the way, Watkins, take this to the ‘International Weekly World’ office when you get to London.’ Then beckoning me to follow him, he left the house, walked across the lawn, and entering the house where we had been quartered, took a chair and said: ‘Now, old man, I'm ready to tell you all about it.’

“Well,” I replied, “tell me first what you wrote to that newspaper.”

“That's easy,” he said, “it was simply an advertisement for the rightful heir of this property.”

“Now, start at the beginning and tell me how you worked out the puzzle,” I said.

“As you know,” began my friend, “when I first came here, I searched the house for clues to the mystery. If you remember, John Proctor's room smelled very slightly of ether,—he had been drugged, but something was used to kill the ether odor. This you see goes hand in hand with Sidney Proctor's past life as a professor of chemistry and his present laboratory,—the little glass cupola concerning which you seemed curious on the first day we walked into the country. So much for that point.

“Next, how was the room entered? This was harder of solution, but was soon settled in my mind. By the side of the wall, directly under the top of the chimney leading from the room next to John Proctor's, the grass was trampled ever so slightly. This I attributed to the wearing of something large and flat on the feet, to leave as few tracks as possible. With the assistance of a cleverly contrived rope ladder, the top of the chimney was soon gained. Then I examined the chimney from the inside. There seemed an unusual amount of soot on the hearth.

“Now you see I have come to the door. Getting through this was easily accomplished. Sidney had spent a month with his uncle a short time previously, and the butler said that at night when Sidney expected to stay out late, John threw the outside combination locks out of gear, and lent him the keys to his apartment, which happened to be this very room. Think of the simplicity of duplicating the key without any one's being the wiser.

“I was now confident that the old man was dead, secreted in one of Sid-

ney's houses near Inglewood. Had I once suspected him alive, I should have hunted for him. I must say I was surprised when I found him in his room, having been dead so short a time. I did not think the murderers would have the audacity to bring back the body.

"Now for the motives that prompted the murder, and Sidney's and Henry's disappearance. I could at first see no reason strong enough to counterbalance the risk Proctor would have to take in order to do away with his uncle. Then I remembered that the article which I had read in the Parisian paper concerning Sidney's disappearance mentioned his close association with racing and sporting life in general. I at once investigated his standing as a sporting man. I found he had been losing so heavily on the races that he had about used up his property and money. He did not wish his English friends to know the life he led. Inglewood would pay all his debts and still leave him in very comfortable circumstances. He took the risk. Now I knew the motive, and easily guessed that Sidney's kidnapping was arranged entirely by himself, and I must say it was quite cleverly done."

"But what became of the auto?" I asked at this juncture.

"Went on a ship the next morning at ——" he replied.

"Now you see he needed helpers. His English tenants are a ruffianly set, and the very men for the crime. A bargain was soon made, and John Proctor disappeared. Sidney made all the arrangements for the French kidnapping, and did not act until he knew his uncle had been captured and killed. The disappearance of the other heir was simply a coincidence. Henry didn't have any money to pay his French assistants. Hence the little conversation we heard on the telephone."

"By the way," I said, "how did you manage that?"

"One day when Sidney was away, I took out a panel in the wall and installed a telephone with a large horn connected with a wire running into the next room. I ran the wire very close to the floor in the next room, and nine persons out of ten would not have noticed it. Next I carried my wire up the chimney, bringing it down on the least conspicuous side. I had as small a wire as possible, so it would not be noticeable, and stretched it to the tree which overhangs our chimney. I had discovered this secret cellar the day before, so by extending the wire down there, my connection with Proctor's private affairs was complete."

"Now of course, I listened daily to catch any condemning words I could. My doubts were settled one day by hearing something which hinted at the arrival of the Frenchmen. Of course then I awaited developments. You know the rest."

"Now that this interesting mystery had been cleared up, I returned to America to attend to the business which had been awaiting my return."

"How about the diamonds?" Lawson queried.

"I received a telegram while at Inglewood that the New York detectives had located them."

"By the way, Lawson," I said, "this reminds me that Gilder is coming back to America, where our same old firm will be renewed. Come around to see us sometimes, and I'll get him to tell you the adventure with the three Chinamen."

"Thank you, I will," said Lawson, "but I must leave now. I have an engagement down town in twenty minutes."

Then his retreating footsteps died away down my office steps, leaving me musing over old times.

Wm. M. Harrison.

At Burton Church

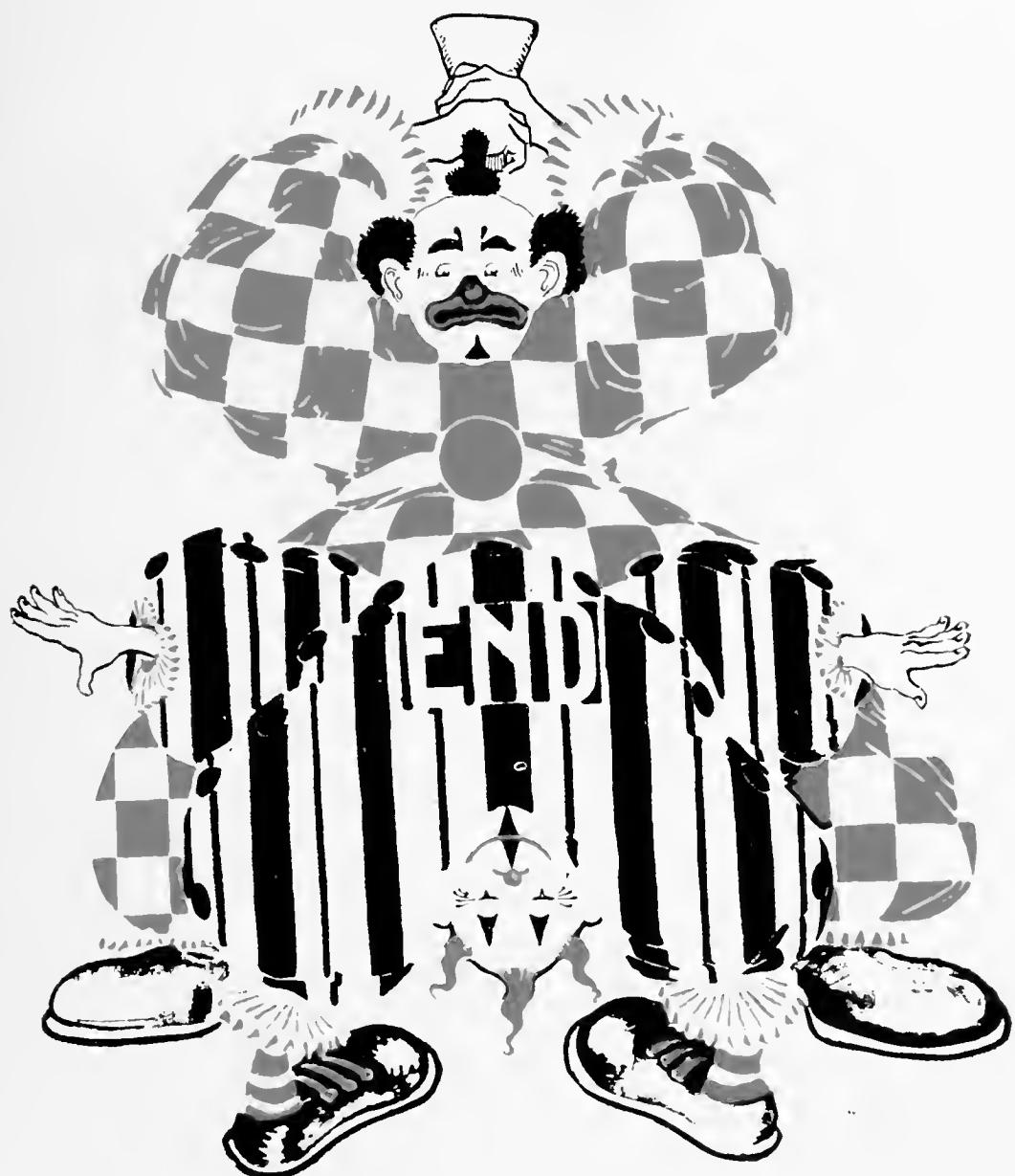
When all, all is hushed in my rosewood church,

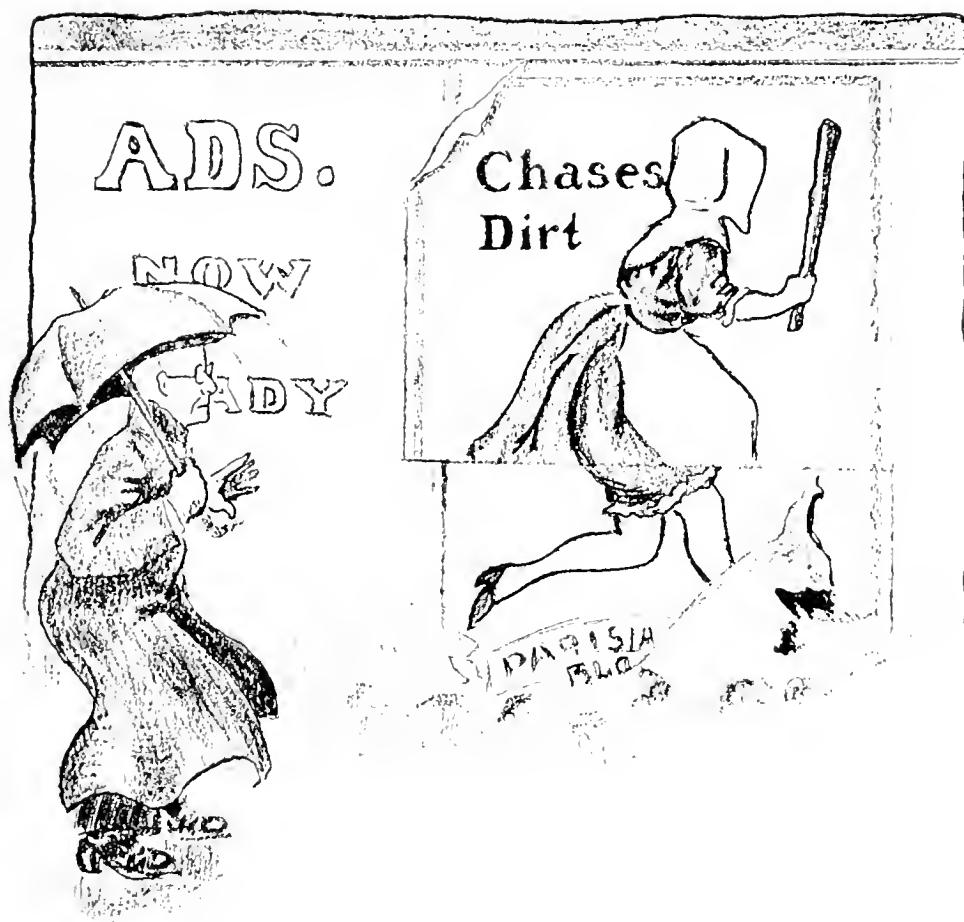
And the throng is kneeling in prayer,
And the last stray notes of the organ reeds
Have stirred in the low, hushed air;

My inner-self slowly within me moves
All my love for beauty in life,
And my soul slips forth in a cloud of dreams,
With a sign for our ceaseless strife.

And beyond the church in the evening's hush
And the gold of the candle glow,
The days that have died are the days I live,
And their dreams are the days I know.

Earl Baldwin Thomas.





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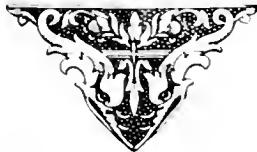
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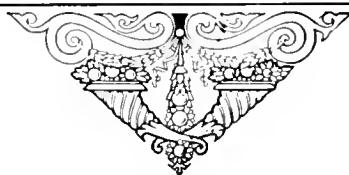
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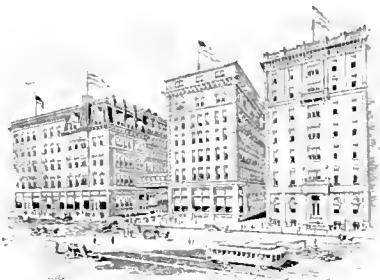
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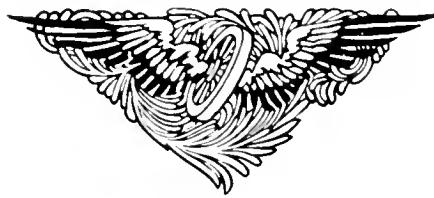
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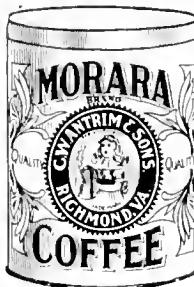
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